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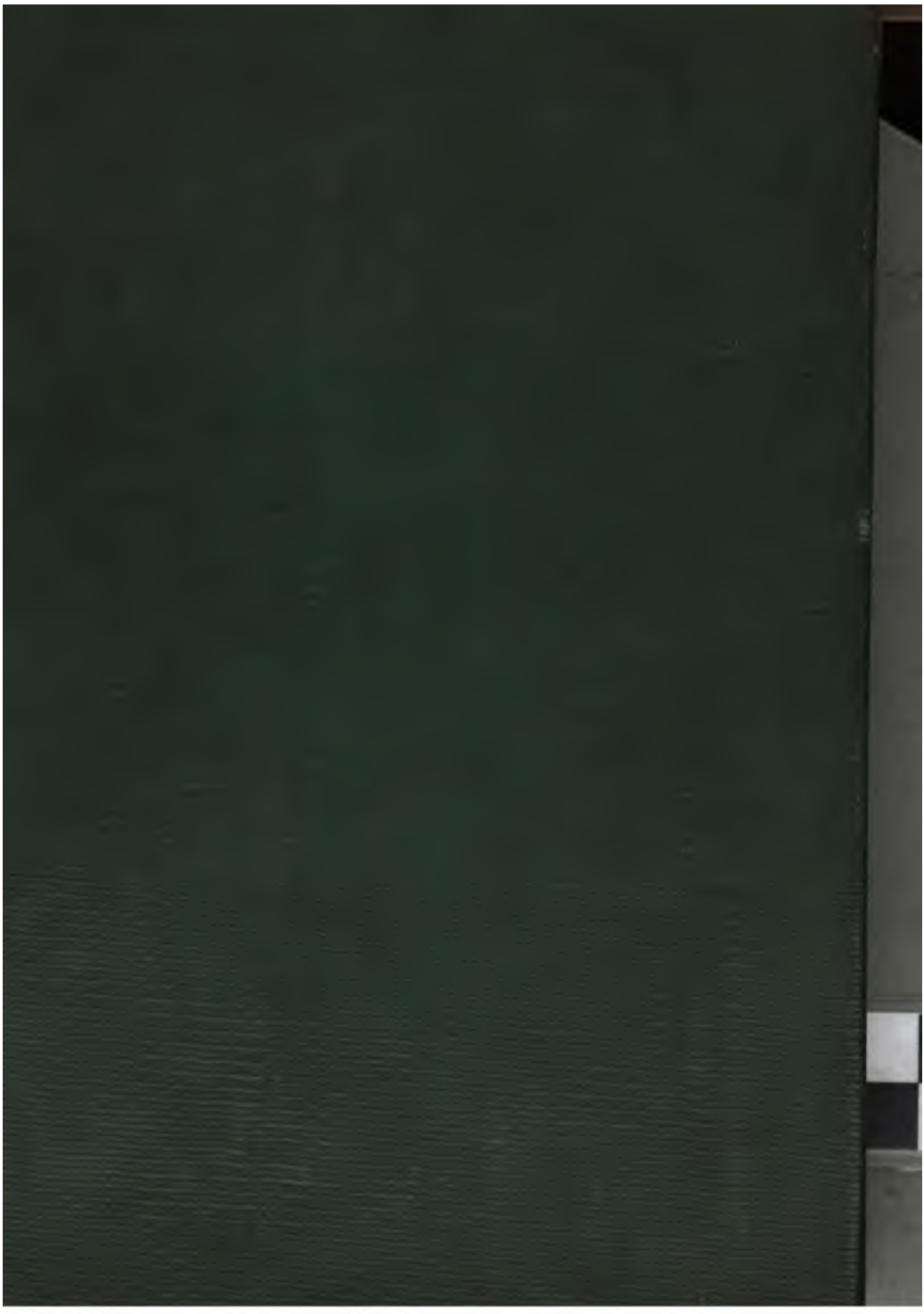


THE WORKS

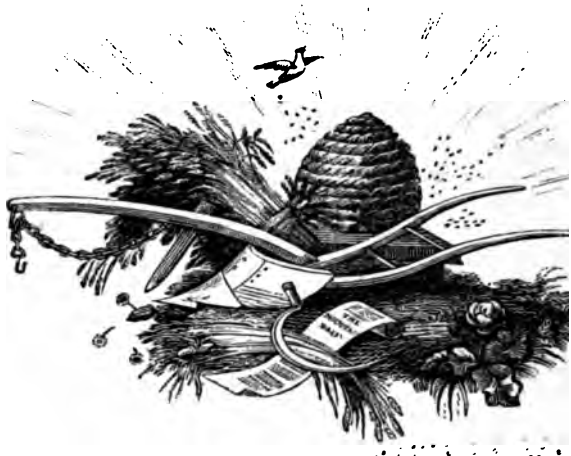
OF

ROBERT BURNS,

WITH

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE, &c. &c.

BY JAMES CURRIE, M. D. F. R.



THE EIGHTH EDITION,

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH MANY ADDITIONS,

COMMUNICATED BY HIS BROTHER,

MR. GILBERT BURNS.

VOL. III.

LONDON.

1820.

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THE WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS;

WITH

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE,

AND

A CRITICISM ON HIS WRITINGS,

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE CHARACTER AND CONDITION OF

THE SCOTTISH PEASANTRY.

By JAMES CURRIE, M. D. F. R. S.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

THE EIGHTH EDITION.

TO WHICH ARE NOW ADDED, SOME FURTHER PARTICULARS OF

THE AUTHOR'S LIFE,

NEW NOTES, ILLUSTRATIVE OF HIS POEMS AND LETTERS,

AND MANY OTHER ADDITIONS.

By GILBERT BURNS.

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VOL. III.

POEMS

FORMERLY PUBLISHED,

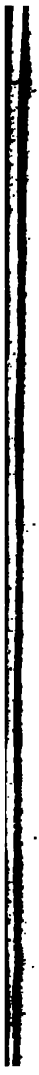
WITH SOME ADDITIONS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A HISTORY OF THESE POEMS

BY

GILBERT BURNS.



DEDICATION

Of the Second Edition of the Poems formerly printed.

TO THE

NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN

OF THE

CALEDONIAN HUNT.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

A SCOTTISH *Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the* PLOUGH; *and threw her inspiring* mantle *over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.*

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours: that path

is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient Heroes still runs uncontaminated: and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your Forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may social Joy await your return! When harassed in courts or camps with the justlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native seats; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome meet you at your gates! May corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance; and may Tyranny in the Ruler, and Licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be,

With the sincerest gratitude, and highest respect,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most devoted, humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH,
April 4th, 1787.

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POEMS,

CHIEFLY

SCOTTISH.

THE TWA DOGS,

A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' *Auld King Coil,*
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæsar*,
Was keepit for his Honor's pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for Cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar:
But tho' he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride na pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin,
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gipsy's messin.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,*
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithful tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.

His

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his towzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit,
Whyles mice an' moudieworts they howkit;
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down,
And there began a lang digression
About the *lords o' the creation.*

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest *Luath,*
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, and a' his stents:
He rises when he likes himsel;
His flunkies answer at the bell:

He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonnie silken purse
As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony tenant man
His Honor has in a' the lan':
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't enough;
A cottar howkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and sic like,
Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

An'

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger;
But, how it comes, I never kenn'd yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit!
L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash:
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!

I see how folk live that hae riches;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches?

LUAT

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched's ane wad think;
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink:
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
They're ay in less or mair provided;
An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs:
They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in *Lon'on*.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,

When

When *rural life,* o' ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth,
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty winds;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
The young anes rantin thro' the house,—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
There's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont fo'k,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favour wi' some gentle master,
Wha' aiblins, thrang a parliamentin,
For Britain's guid his saul indentin—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.

Say rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him,
An' saying *aye* or *no*'s they bid him:
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;
Or may be, in a frolic daft,
To *Hague* or *Calais* takes a waft,
To make a tour, an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There, at *Vienna* or *Versailles*,
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by *Madrid* he takes the rout,
To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Wh-re-hunting among groves o' myrtles;
Then bouses drumly German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid!—for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH.

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate!
Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last!

O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themsels wi' countra sports,

It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter!
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breakin o' their timmer,
Or speakin lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin o' a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master *Cæsar*,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them;
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion less will hurt them.
A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acres till'd he's right enough;

A country

A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzens done, she's unco weel:
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;
An' even their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places.
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men cast out in party matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches;
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.
The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like onie unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exception, man an' woman;
But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloaming brought the night:
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone;
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan;
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs;*
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care;
There let him bouse, an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves *or* debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other Poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drunken *Bacchus*,
An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice *Scots bear* can mak us,
In glass or jug.

O thou,

O thou, my *Muse!* guid auld *Scotch Drink;*
Whether thro' wimpling worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
To sing thy name!

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,
An' Aits set up their awnie horn,
An' Pease and Beans at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, *John Barleycorn,*
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumblin in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin;
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin;
But, oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin,
Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labor sair,
At's weary toil;
Thou even brightens dark Despair
Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy siller weed,
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine,
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
By thee inspir'd,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly then thou reams the horn in!
Or reekin on a New-year morning
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
An' gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' th' lugget caup!
Then *Burnewin** comes on like death
At ev'ry chaup.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumblin cuifs their dearies slight;
Wae worth the name!
Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

When

---

* *Burnewin—Burn-the-wind*—the Blacksmith—an appropriate title. E.

When neebors anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the *barley-bree*
Cement the quarrel!
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter's season,
E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that *brandy*, burning trash!
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash!
Twins monie a poor, doylt, drunken hash,
O' half his days;
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well!
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor plackless devils like mysel!
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
An' gouts torment him inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain,
Out owre a glass o' *whisky punch*
Wi' honest men.

O *Whisky!* soul o' plays an' pranks!
Accept a Bardie's humble thanks!
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses!
Thou comes——they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a - - - s!

Thee, *Ferintosh!* O sadly lost!
Scotland lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips, an' barkin hoast,
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast,
Is ta'en awa!

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the *Whisky stells* their prize!
Haud up thy han', Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
There, seize the blinkers!
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' *Whisky gill*,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak' a' the rest,
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

THE

THE AUTHOR'S

EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER*

TO THE

SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES

IN THE

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Dearest of Distillation! last and best!———
——How art thou lost!———

PARODY ON MILTON.

YE Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,
Wha *represent* our brughs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In parliament,
To you a simple Poet's prayers
Are humbly sent.

Alas!

---

* This was written before the act anent the Scotch Distilleries, of session 1786; for which Scotland and the Author return their most grateful thanks.

Alas! my roupet Muse is hearse!
Your Honor's heart wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sittin on her a—
Low i' the dust,
An' scriechin out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust!

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' *me*'s in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On *Aquavitæ;*
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon *Premier Youth*,
The honest, open, naked truth:
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble:
The muckle devil blaw ye south,
If ye dissemble!

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom?
Speak out, an' never fash your thumb!
Let posts an' pensions sink or soom
Wi' them wha grant 'em:
If honestly they canna come,
Far better want 'em.

In

In gath'rin votes you were na slack;
Now stand as tightly by your tack;
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw;
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissle,
Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whissle;
An' d-mn'd Excisemen in a bussle,
Seizin a *Stell*,
Triumphant crushin't like a mussel
Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard Smuggler right behint her,
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
Colleaguing join,
Picking her pouch as bare as winter
Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' *Scot*,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
To see his poor auld Mither's *pot*
Thus dung in staves,
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
By gallows knaves?

Alas!

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire out o' sight!
But could I like *Montgomeries* fight,
Or gab like *Boswell*,
There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
An' tie some hose well.

God bless your Honors, can ye see't,
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them wi' a patriot heat,
Ye winna bear it?

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period an' pause,
An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause
To mak harangues;
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true blue Scot I'se warran;
Thee, aith-detesting, chaste *Kilkerran*;*
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
The Laird o' *Graham*;†
An' ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,
Dundas his name.

Erski

* Sir Adam Ferguson. E.

† The present Duke of Montrose. E.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie;
True *Campbells*, *Frederick* an' *Ilay*;
An' *Livingstone*, the bauld *Sir Willie*;
An' monie ithers,
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her *kettle*;
Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
Ye'll see't or lang,
She'll teach you, wi' a reekin whittle,
Anither sang.

This while she's been in crankous mood,
Her *lost Militia* fir'd her bluid;
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
Play'd her that pliskie!)
An' now she's like to rin red-wud
About her Whisky.

An' L—d, if ance they pit her till't,
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets,
An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
I' th' first she meets!

For G-d sake, Sirs! then speak her fair,
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
An' to the muckle house repair,
Wi' instant speed,
An' strive, wi' a' your Wit and Lear,
To get remead.

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
E'en cowe the caddie!
An' send him to his dicing box
An' sportin lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld *Boconnock's*
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,
An' drink his health in auld *Nanse Tinnock's**
Nine times a-week,
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
Wad kindly seek.

Could

* A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in *Mauchline*, where he sometimes studies Politics over a glass of guid auld *Scotch Drink*.

Could he some *commutation* broach,
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
He need na fear their foul reproach
Nor erudition,
Yon mixtie-maxtie queer hotch-potch,
The *Coalition.*

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
She's just a devil wi' a rung;
An' if she promise auld or young
To tak their part,
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen *Five-and-Forty,*
May still your Mither's heart support ye;
Then, though a Minister grow dorty,
An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face.

God bless your Honors a' your days,
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes,
That haunt *St. Jamie's!*
Your humble Poet sings an' prays
While *Rab* his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies
See future wines, rich clust'ring, rise;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blythe and frisky,
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys
Tak aff their Whisky.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
While fragrance blooms and beauty charms!
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, dishonor arms
In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shouther;
They downa bide the stink o' powther;
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
To stan' or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throwther,
To save their skin.

But

But bring a *Scotsman* frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is royal *George*'s will,
An' there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him;
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may steek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,
In clime and season;
But tell me *Whisky*'s name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither!
Tho' whiles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam;
Freedom and *Whisky* gang thegither!
Tak aff your dram!

THE

THE HOLY FAIR.*

A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty Observation;
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget show'd,
Dye-varying on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MO

I.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air,
The rising sun owre *Galston* muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin;
The hares were hirplin down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu' sweet that day.

* *Holy Fair* is a common phrase in the West of S for a sacramental occasion.

II.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
To see a scene sae gay,
Three Hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelpin up the way;
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart lining;
The third, that gaed a-wee a-back,
Was in the fashion shining,
Fu' gay that day.

III.

The *twa* appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form, an' claes!
Their visage wither'd, lang, an' thin,
An' sour as ony slaes:
The *third* cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
As light as ony lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

IV.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, 'Sweet lass,
'I think ye seem to ken me;
'I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face,
'But yet I canna name ye.'

Quo'

Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,
An' taks me by the hands,
'Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
'Of a' the ten commands
'A screed some day.

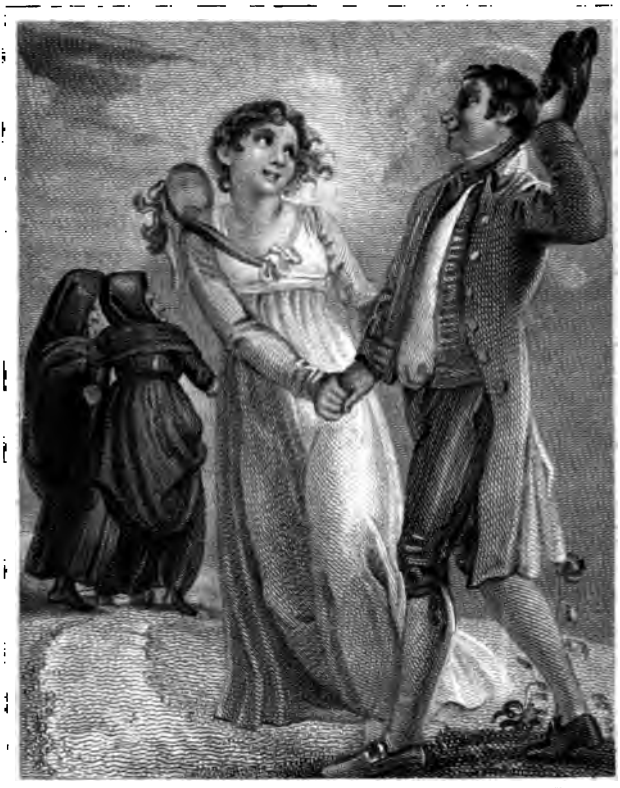
V.

'My name is *Fun*—your cronie dear,
'The nearest friend ye hae;
'An' this is *Superstition* here,
'An' that's *Hypocrisy*.
'I'm gaun to Mauchline *Holy Fair*,
'To spend an hour in daffin:
'Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,
'We will get famous laughin
'At them this day.'

VI.

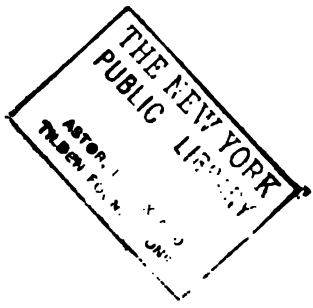
Quoth I, 'With a' my heart, I'll do't;
'I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
'An' meet you on the holy spot;
'Faith we'se hae fine remarkin!'
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time
An' soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' monie a wearie body,
In droves that day.

VII.



QUO' SHE, AN' LAUGH'N AS SHE SPAK
AN' TAKS ME BY THE HANDS.

PUBLISHED JAN.ʸ 1814 BY T. CADELL & W. DAVIES, STRAND, LONDON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VII.

Here farmers gash, in ridin graith
Gaed hoddin by their cotters;
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
Are springin o'er the gutters.
The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter;
Wi' *sweet-milk cheese*, in monie a whang,
An' *farls* bak'd wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day.

VIII.

When by the *plate* we set our nose,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
An' we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show,
On ev'ry side they're gathrin,
Some carrying dales, some chairs an' stools,
An' some are busy blethrin
Right loud that day.

IX.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
An' screen our countra Gentry,
There, *racer Jess*, an' twa-three wh-res,
Are blinkin at the entry.

Here

Here sits a raw of tittlin jades,
  Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
An' there a batch o' wabster lads,
  Blackguarding frae Kilmarnock
    For *fun* this day.

X.

Here some are thinkin on their sins,
  An' some upo' their claes;
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
  Anither sighs an' prays:
On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
  Wi' screw'd up grace-proud faces;
On that a set o' chaps at watch,
  Thrang winkin on the lasses
    To chairs that day.

XI.

O happy is that man an' blest!
  Nae wonder that it pride him!
Wha's ain dear lass that he likes best,
  Comes clinkin down beside him!
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
  He sweetly does compose him;
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
  An's loof upon her bosom,
    Unkenn'd that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
  Is silent expectation;
For ****** speels the holy door,
  Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t--n.
Should *Hornie*, as in ancient days,
  'Mang sons o' G— present him,
The vera sight o' *****'s face,
  To's ain het hame had sent him
    Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
  Wi' rattlin an' thumpin!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
  He's stampin an' he's jumpin!
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
  His eldritch squeel and gestures,
Oh, how they fire the heart devout,
  Like cantharidian plasters,
    On sic a day!

XIV.

But, hark! the *tent* has chang'd its voice;
  There's peace an' rest nae langer:
For a' the *real judges* rise,
  They canna sit for anger.

***** opens out his cauld harangues,
On practice and on morals;
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars an' barrels
A lift that day.

XV.

What signifies his barren shine,
Of moral pow'rs and reason?
His English style, an' gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.
Like *Socrates* or *Antonine*,
Or some auld pagan Heathen,
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That's right that day.

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poison'd nostrum;
For *******, frae the water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum:
See, up he's got the word o' G—,
An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
While *Common-Sense* has ta'en the road,
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,*
Fast, fast, that day.

XVII.

* A street so called, which faces the *tent* in Mauchline.

XVII.

Wee ******, niest, the Guard relieves,
An' Orthodoxy raibles,
Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
An' thinks it auld wives' fables:
But, faith! the birkie wants a Manse,
So, cannily he hums them;
Altho' his carnal wit an' sense
Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him
At times that day.

XVIII.

Now butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
Wi' yill-caup Commentators:
Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
An' there the pint stowp clatters;
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scripture,
They raise a din, that, in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
Than either School or College:
It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
It pangs us fou o' knowledge.

Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion
By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith saul an' body,
Sit round the table, weel content,
An' steer about the toddy.
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
They're making observations;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,
An' formin assignations
To meet some day.

XXI.

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rairin,
An' echoes back return the shouts:
Black ****** is na spairin:
His piercing words, like Highlan swords,
Divide the joints an' marrow;
His talk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell,
Our vera sauls does harrow*
Wi' fright that day.

XXII.

* Shakespeare's Hamlet.

XXII.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,
Wha's ragin flame, an' scorchin heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
The half asleep start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roarin,
When presently it does appear,
'Twas but some neebor snorin
Asleep that day.

XXIII.

'Twad be owre lang a tale, to tell
How monie stories past,
An' how they crowded to the yill,
When they were a' dismist:
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
Amang the furms an' benches:
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches,
An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

In comes a gaucie, gash Guidwife,
An' sits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife,
The lasses they are shyer.

The

The auld Guidmen, about the *grace*,
Frae side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
An' gi'es them't like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.

XXV.

Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that hae naething!
Sma' need has he to say a grace,
Or melvie his braw claithing!
O wives be mindfu', ance yoursel
How bonie lads ye wanted,
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day!

XXVI.

Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' rattlin tow,
Begins to jow an' croon;
Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon.
At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon:
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
They're a' in famous tune,
For crack that day.

XXVII.

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts
  O' sinners and o' lasses!
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane,
  As saft as ony flesh is.
There's some are fou o' love divine;
  There's some are fou o' brandy;
An' monie jobs that day begin,
  May end in Houghmagandie
    Some ither day.

DEATH

AND

DOCTOR HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd:
Ev'n Ministers, they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid, at times, to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture.

But

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befel,
Is just as true's the Deil's in h-ll
Or Dublin city:
That e'er he nearer comes oursel
'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
I was na fou, but just had plenty;
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches;
An' hillocks, stanes, and bushes, kenn'd ay
Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising moon began to glow'r
The distant *Cumnock* hills out-owre:
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
I set mysel;
But whether she had three or four,
I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And todlin down on *Willie's mill*,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker;
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker.

I there

I there wi' *Something* did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither;
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear-dangling, hang;
A three-taed leister on the ither
Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava;
And then, its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks.

'Guid-een,' quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin,
'When ither folk are busy sawin?'*
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
But naething spak;
At length, says I, 'Friend, whare ye gaun,
'Will ye go back?'

It

* This rencounter happened in seed-time, 1785.

It spak right howe,—'My name is *Death*,
'But be na' fley'd.'—Quoth I, 'Guid faith,
'Ye're may be come to stap my breath;
'But tent me billie;
'I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
'See, there's a gully!'

'Guidman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,
'I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
'But if I did, I wad be kittle
'To be mislear'd,
'I wad na mind it, no, that spittle
'Out-owre my beard.'

'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't;
'Come, gies your hand, an' sae we're gree't;
'We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat,
'Come, gies your news;
'This while* ye hae been mony a gate,
'At mony a house.'

'Ay,

---

* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

'Ay, ay!' quo' he, an' shook his head,
'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
'Sin' I began to nick the thread,
'An' choke the breath:
'Folk maun do something for their bread,
'An' sae maun *Death*.

'Sax thousand years are near hand fled
'Sin' I was to the butching bred,
'An' mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
'To stap or scar me;
'Till ane *Hornbook*'s* ta'en up the trade,
'An' faith, he'll waur me.

'Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i' the Clachan,
'Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!
'He's grown sae well acquaint wi' *Buchan*†
'An' ither chaps,
'The weans haud out their fingers laughin
'And pouk my hips.

'See

---

* This gentleman, Dr. *Hornbook*, is, professionally, a brother of the Sovereign Order of the Ferula; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.

† Buchan's Domestic Medicine.

'See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
'They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;
'But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi' his art
'And cursed skill,
'Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
'Damn'd haet they'll kill.

'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
'I threw a noble throw at ane;
'Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
'But deil-ma-care,
'It just play'd dirl on the bane,
'But did nae mair.

'*Hornbook* was by, wi' ready art,
'And had sae fortify'd the part,
'That when I looked to my dart,
'It was sae blunt,
'Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
'Of a kail-runt.

'I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
'I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,
'But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
'Withstood the shock;
'I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
'O' hard whin rock.
'Ev'n

'Ev'n them he canna get attended,
'Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
'Just —— in a kail-blade, and send it,
'As soon he smells't,
'Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
'At once he tells't.

'And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
'Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
'A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
'He's sure to hae;
'Their Latin names as fast he rattles
'As A B C.

'Calces o' fossils, earth, and trees;
'True Sal-marinum o' the seas;
'The Farina of beans and pease,
'He has't in plenty;
'Aqua-fontis, what you please,
'He can content ye.

'Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
'Urinus Spiritus of capons;
'Or Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
'Distill'd *per se;*
'Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings,
'And mony mae.'

'Waes

'Waes me for *Johnny Ged's Hole** now,'
Quo' I, 'If that the news be true!
'His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
'Sae white and bonie,
'Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew;
'They'll ruin *Johnie!*'

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
And says, 'Ye need na yoke the pleugh,
'Kirkyards will soon be till'd eneugh,
'Tak ye nae fear:
'They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh
'In twa-three year.

'Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae death,
'By loss o' blood or want of breath,
'This night I'm free to tak my aith,
'That *Hornbook*'s skill
'Has clad a score i' their last claith,
'By drap an' pill.

'An

---

* The grave-digger.

'An honest Wabster to his trade,
'Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel bred,
'Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
'When it was sair;
'The wife slade cannie to her bed,
'But ne'er spak mair.

'A countra Laird had ta'en the batts,
'Or some curmurring in his guts,
'His only son for *Hornbook* sets,
'An' pays him well.
'The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
'Was laird himsel.

'A bonie lass, ye kend her name,
'Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame;
'She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
'In *Hornbook*'s care;
'*Horn* sent her aff to her lang hame,
'To hide it there.

'That's just a swatch o' *Hornbook*'s way;
'Thus goes he on from day to day,
'Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
'An's weel paid for't;
'Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
'Wi' his d-mn'd dirt:
'But,

'But, hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
'Tho' dinna ye be speaking o't;
'I'll nail the self-conceited Scot,
'As dead's a herrin:
'Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
'He gets his fairin!'

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the *twal*,
Which rais'd us baith:
I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
And sae did *Death*.

THE

BRIGS OF AYR,

A POEM.

INSCRIBED TO J. BALLANTYNE, Esq., AYR.

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush;
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
Shall he, nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy independence bravely bred,
By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field—
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?

Or

Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?
No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
When Ballantyne befriends his humble name,
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

. . . . . .

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith
Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o'devils smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:

(What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noon-tide blaze,
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.
'Twas in that season, when a simple bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of *Ayr*,
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward rout,
And down by *Simpson*'s* wheel'd the left about:
(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)
The drowsy *Dungeon-clock*† had number'd two,
And *Wallace Tow'r*† had sworn the fact was true:
The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen sounding roar,
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore.

All

* A noted tavern at the *Auld Brig* end.
† The two steeples.

All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e;
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree:
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.

When, lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard;
Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
Swift as the *Gos** drives on the wheeling hare;
Ane on th' *Auld Brig* his airy shape uprears,
The ither flutters o'er the *rising piers:*
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
The Sprites that owre the *Brigs of Ayr* preside.
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The very wrinkles Gothic in his face:
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
Yet teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he, at *Lon'on*, frae ane *Adams*, got;
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;

It

* The gos-hawk, or falcon.

It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this guideen:—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na', frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank!
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
Tho' faith that day I doubt, ye'll never see;
There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;
Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruin'd, formless bulk, o' stane an' lime,
Compare wi' bonie *Brigs* o' modern time?
There's men o' taste wou'd tak the *Ducat-stream*,*
Tho' they should cast the vera sark and swim,
Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Of sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

AULD

* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a *Brig*, when ye're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawling
Coil,
Or stately *Lugar*'s mossy fountains boil,
Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland
course,
Or haunted *Garpal** draws his feeble source,
Arous'd by blust'ring winds an' spotting thowes,
In mony a torrent down his sna-broo rowes;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
And from *Glenbuck*,† down to the *Ratton-key*,‡
Auld *Ayr* is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea;
Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
A lesson

---

* The banks of *Garpal Water* is one of the few places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy scaring beings, known by the name of *Ghaists*, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

† The source of the river Ayr.

‡ A small landing place above the large key.

A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost!

NEW BRIG.

Fine *Architecture*, trowth, I needs must say't o't!
The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices;
O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves:
Windows, and doors in nameless sculpture drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
And still the *second dread command* be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any mason reptile, bird or beast;
Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
Or Cuifs of latter times, wha held the notion
That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion;
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection!
And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
Ye

Ye worthy *Proveses*, an' mony a *Bailie*,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay;
Ye dainty *Deacons*, an' ye douce *Conveeners*,
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;
Ye godly *Councils* wha hae blest this town;
Ye godly *Brethren* of the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gie your *hurdies* to the *smiters*;
And (what would now be strange) ye *godly Writers*:
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do!
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration;
And agonizing, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base, degen'rate race!
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story!
Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country;
Men, three-parts made by tailors and by barbers,
Wha waste your well hain'd gear on d---d *new Brigs* and *Harbours!*

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through,
Ae for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and *Clergy* are a shot right kittle:

But

But, under favour o' your langer beard,
Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd:
To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
To mouth 'a Citizen,' a term o' scandal;
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,
Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins,
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them,
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

. . . . . .

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
No man can tell; but all before their sight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
Adown the glitt'ring stream they featly danc'd;
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd:
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul-ennobling bards heroic ditties sung.

O had

O had *M'Lauchlan*,* thairm-inspiring Sage
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When thro' his dear *Strathspeys* they bore with Highland rage;
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years;
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn, wreath'd with nodding corn;
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow.

Next

* A well known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

Next follow'd Courage, with his martial stride,
From where the *Feal** wild woody coverts hide;
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form, came from the tow'rs of *Stair*:†
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
From simple *Catrine*,‡ their long-lov'd abode:
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken iron instruments of death;
At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath.

---

* Feal is a small stream which runs near Coilsfield, then the seat of Colonel Montgomery, now (1819) Earl of Eglinton.

† The Poet alludes here to Mrs. Stewart of Stair.—Stair was then in her possession. She afterwards removed to Afton-Lodge, on the banks of the Afton, a stream which he afterwards celebrated in a song entitled "Afton Water."—See a letter to Mrs. Stewart, vol. ii. The song, Afton Water, vol. iv. E.

‡ A sweet little place on the banks of Ayr, belonging to Professor Dugald Stewart, where he used to reside during the intervals of his labours in the University, (as his father had done before him), till banished from it by the erection of a cotton-mill village immediately adjoining.

THE

ORDINATION.

For sense they little owe to Frugal Heav'n—
To please the Mob they hide the little giv'n.

I.

KILMARNOCK Wabsters fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations,
Swift to the *Laigh Kirk*, ane an' a',
An' there tak up your stations;
Then aff to *Begbie's* in a raw,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.

II. Curst

II.

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll,
'Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder;*
But O******* aft made her yell,
An' R***** sair misca'd her;
This day M'******* takes the flail,
And he's the boy will blaud her!
He'll clap a *shangan* on her tail,
An' set the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

III.

Mak haste an' turn king David owre,
An' lilt wi' holy clangor;
O' double verse come gie us four,
An' skirl up the Bangor:
This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For Heresy is in her pow'r,
And gloriously she'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.

IV. Come

* Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. L. to the Laigh Kirk.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceless *Ham** leugh at his Dad,
Which made *Canaan* a niger;
Or *Phineas*† drove the murdering blade,
Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour;
Or *Zipporah*,‡ the scauldin jade,
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' th' inn that day.

V.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
And bind him down wi' caution,
That *Stipend* is a carnal weed
He taks but for the fashion;
And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
And punish each transgression;
Especial, *rams* that cross the breed,
Gie them sufficient threshin,
Spare them nae day.

VI. Now

---

* Genesis, ch. ix. ver. 22.
† Numbers, ch. xxv. ver. 8.
‡ Exodus, ch. iv. ver. 25.

VI.

Now auld *Kilmarnock* cock thy tail,
And toss thy horns fu' canty;
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale
Because thy pasture's scanty;
For lapfu's large o' *gospel kail*
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
An' *runts* o' *grace* the pick and wale,
No gi'en by way o' dainty,
But ilka day.

VII.

Nae mair by *Babel's streams* we'll weep,
To think upon our *Zion;*
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin:
Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
And o'er the thairms be tryin;
Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep,
An' a' like lamb-tails flyin
Fu' fast this day!

VIII.

Lang *Patronage*, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,
As lately *F-nw-ck*, sair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin:

Our Patron, honest man! *Glencairn*,
He saw mischief was brewin;
And like a godly elect bairn
He's wal'd us out a true ane,
And sound this day.

IX.

Now R******* harangue nae mair,
But steek your gab for ever:
Or try the wicked town of Ayr,
For there they'll think you clever;
Or, nae reflection on your lear,
Ye may commence a Shaver;
Or to the *Netherton* repair,
And turn a Carpet-weaver
Aff-hand this day.

X.

M***** and you were just a match,
We never had sic twa drones:
Auld *Hornie* did the *Laigh Kirk* watch,
Just like a winkin baudrons:
And ay' he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons:
But now his honor maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
Fast, fast this day.

XI.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
  She's swingein thro' the city;
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
  I vow its unco pretty:
There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
  Grunts out some Latin ditty;
And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
  To mak to *Jamie Beattie*
    Her plaint this day.

XII.

But there's Morality himsel,
  Embracing all opinions;
Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
  Between his twa companions;
See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
  As ane were peelin onions!
Now there—they're packed aff to hell,
  And banish'd our dominions,
    Henceforth this day.

XIII.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
  Come bouse about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
  Shall here nae mair find quarter:

M'•••••••,

M'*******, R*****, are the boys,
That Heresy can torture:
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,
And cow her measure shorter
By th' head some day.

XIV.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
And here's, for a conclusion,
To every *New Light** mother's son,
From this time forth, Confusion:
If mair they deave us with their din,
Or Patronage intrusion,
We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
We'll rin them aff in fusion
Like oil, some day.

---

* *New Light* is a cant phrase in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.

THE

CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. ——.

On his Text, MALACHI, ch. iv. ver. 2. "And they shall go forth, and grow up, like CALVES of the stall."

RIGHT, Sir! your text I'll prove it true,
Though Heretics may laugh;
For instance; there's yoursel just now,
God knows, an unco *Calf!*

And should some Patron be so kind,
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a *Stirk.*

But,

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour
  Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,
  You e'er should be a *Stot!*

Tho', when some kind, connubial Dear,
  Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
  A noble head of *horns.*

And in your lug, most reverend *James,*
  To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
  To rank amang the *nowte.*

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
  Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
  'Here lies a famous *Bullock!*'

ADDRESS

ADDRESS

TO THE DEIL.

Oh Prince! Oh Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led the embattl'd Seraphim to war.—

MILTON.

O THOU! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear

Hear me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a *deil*,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far kend and noted is thy name;
An', tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An', faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin;
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,
Tirlin the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend *Graunie* say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld-ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way.
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *Graunie* summon,
To say her prayers, douce, honest woman!
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rustlin, thro' the boortries comin,
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentin light,
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough;
Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch stour, quaick—quaick—
Amang the springs,
Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let *warlocks* grim, an' wither'd *hags*,
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs, an' dizzy crags
Wi' wicked speed;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howkit dead.

Thence

Drawn by T. Stothard R.A. [illegible] Engraved by B. Howard

THE CUDGEL IN MY NIEVE DID SHAKE
EACH BRISTLED HAIR STOOD LIKE A STAKE.

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Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain:
For, oh! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill;
An' dawtit, twal-pint *Hawkie*'s gaen
As yell's the Bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse,
On young Guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse;
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
Then *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' nighted Trav'llers are allur'd
To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing *Spunkies*
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkeys
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When

When *Masons'* mystic *word* an' *grip*,
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest Brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to hell!

Lang syne, in *Eden*'s bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the soul of love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry sward,
In shady bow'r:

Then you, ye auld, snic-drawing dog!
Ye came to Paradise incog.
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,
(Black be your fa!)
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
'Mang better folk,
An' sklented on the *man of Uzz*
Your spitefu' joke?

An'

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
While scabs an' botches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
An' lows'd his ill tongu'd, wicked Scawl,
Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
Sin' that day *Michael** did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will send him linkin,
To your black pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet.

Bu

* Vide MILTON, Book VI.

But, fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben!*
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a *stake*—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

DEATH AND DYING WORDS

OF

POOR MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

An unco mournfu' Tale.

As *Mailie*, an' her lambs thegither,
Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch:
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When *Hughoc** he cam doytin by.

Wi'

* A neibor herd-callan,

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
Poor *Hughoc* like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near-hand ended,
But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
He gaped wide, but naething spak!
At length poor *Mailie* silence brak.

'O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
My *dying words* attentive hear,
An' bear them to my Master dear.

'Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will;
So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'!

'Tell him, he was a Master kin',
An' ay was guid to me and mine;
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

'O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives!

But

But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel;
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay, an' rips o' corn.

'An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' *pets!*
To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great Forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the sheers:
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

'My poor *toop-lamb*, my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast!
An' warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither mensless, graceless, brutes.

'An' niest my *yowie*, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop
But ay keep mind to moop an' mell
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel!

'And

'And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith:
An' when you think upo' your mither,
Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

'Now, honest *Hughoc*, dinna fail
To tell my Master a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An', for thy pains, thou'se get my blather.'

This said, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,
And clos'd her een amang the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S

ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose;
Our bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead;
The last sad cape-stane of his woes;
Poor Mailie's dead!

Its no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed:
He's lost a friend and neebor dear,
In *Mailie* dead.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed:
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than *Mailie* dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel wi' mense:
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed.
Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
Sin' *Mailie*'s dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her *yowe*,
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in ships
Frae yont the *Tweed:*
A bonier *fleesh* ne'er cross'd the clips
Than *Mailie*'s dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile, wanchancie thing—*a rape!*
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin dread;
An' *Robin*'s bonnet wave wi' crape,
For *Mailie* dead.

O, a'

O, a' ye bards on bonie *Doon!*
An' wha on *Ayr* your chanters tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' *Robin*'s reed!
His heart will never get aboon
His *Mailie* dead.

J. SMITH.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much!——

BLAIR.

DEAR SMITH, the sleest, paukie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you;
And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair taen I'm wi' you.

That

That auld capricious carlin, nature,
To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
She's turn'd you aff, a human creature
On her *first* plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote, *the Man.*

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime
Wi' hasty summon:
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
To hear what's comin?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
An' raise a din;
For me, an *aim* I never fash;
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;
But in requit,
Has blest me wi' a random shot
O' countra wit.

This

This while my notion's taen a sklent,
To try my fate in guid, black *prent;*
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, 'Hoolie!
'*I red you,* honest man, tak tent!
'Ye'll shaw your folly.

'There's ither poets, much your betters,
'Far seen in *Greek,* deep men o' letters,
'Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
'A' future ages;
'Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
'Their unknown pages.'

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang.

I'll wander on, with tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But

But why o' death begin a tale?
Just now we're living sound and hale,
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
Heave *care* o'er side!
And large, before enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy land,
Where pleasure is the magic wand,
That, wielded right,
Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield;
For, ance that five-an'-forty's speel'd,
See crazy, weary, joyless eild,
Wi' wrinkl'd face,
Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
Wi' creepin pace.

When ance *life's day* draws near the gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin;
An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin,
An' social noise;
An' fareweel dear, deluding *woman*,
The joy of joys!
O Life!

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves;
And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
With high disdain.

With steady aim some fortune chase;
Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey:
Then cauie, in some cozie place,
They close the day.

And

And others, like your humble servan'
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin;
To right or left, eternal swervin,
They zig-zag on;
'Till curst with age, obscure an' starvin,
They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' strainin—
But truce with peevish, poor complaining!
Is fortune's fickle *Luna* waning?
E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs!' and warm implore,
'Tho' I should wander *terra* o'er,
'In all her climes,
'Grant me but this, I ask no more,
'Ay rowth o' rhymes.

'Gie dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
'Till icicles hing frae their beards;
'Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
'And maids of honor!
'And yill an' whisky gie to cairds,
'Until they sconner.
'A title,

'A title, *Dempster* merits it;
'A *garter* gie to *Willie Pitt;*
'Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,
'In cent. per cent.
'But give me real, sterling wit,
'And I'm content.

'While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
'I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
'Be't *water-brose,* or *muslin-kail,*
'Wi' cheerfu' face,
'As lang's the muses dinna fail
'To say the grace.'

An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose;
I jouk beneath misfortune's blows
As weel's I may;
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike!
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives, a dyke!

Nae

Nae hair-brain'd, sentimental traces,
In your unletter'd nameless faces!
In *arioso* trills and graces
Ye never stray,
But *gravissimo*, solemn basses
Ye hum away.

Ye are sae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wise*;
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
The rattlin squad:
I see you upward cast your eyes—
—Ye ken the road.—

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
Wi' you I'll scarce gang *ony where*—
Then, *Jamie*, I shall say nae mair,
But quat my sang,
Content wi' *You* to mak a pair,
Whare'er I gang.

A DREAM.

A

DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with reason;
But surely dreams *were ne'er indicted treason.*

[On reading, in the public papers, the *Laureat's Ode*, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the birth-day levee; and in his dreaming fancy, made the following *Address*.]

I.

GUID-MORNIN to your *Majesty!*
May heav'n augment your blisses,
On ev'ry new *birth-day* ye see,
A humble poet wishes!

My

My bardship here, at your levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
Amang thae birth-day dresses
Sae fine this day,

II.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By mony a lord and lady;
'God save the king!' 's a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy said ay;
The *poets*, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But ay unerring steady,
On sic a day.

III.

For me! before a monarch's face,
Ev'n *there* I winna flatter;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor:
So, nae reflection on *your grace*,
Your kingship to bespatter;
There's monie waur been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than you this day.

IV. 'Tis

IV.

'Tis very true, my sov'reign king,
My skill may weel be doubted:
But facts are cheels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed:
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
And now the third part of the string,
An' less, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

V.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation!
But, faith! I muckle doubt, my *Sire*,
Ye've trusted ministration
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their station
Than courts yon day.

VI.

And now ye've gien auld *Britain* peace,
Her broken shins to plaster;
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester;

For

For me, thank God, my life's a *lease*,
Nae *bargain* wearing faster,
Or, faith! I fear, that, wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

VII.

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pitt*,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' *Will*'s a true guid fallow's get,
A name not envy spairges,)
That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges;
But, G-d sake! let nae *saving-fit*
Abridge your bonie barges
An' boats this day.

VIII.

Adieu, my *Liege!* may freedom geck
Beneath your high protection;
An' may ye rax corruption's neck,
And gie her for dissection!
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your *Queen*, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection
This great birth-day.

IX.

Hail, *Majesty Most Excellent!*
While nobles strive to please ye,
Will ye accept a compliment
A simple poet gies ye?
Thae bonie bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
Still higher may they heeze ye
In bliss, till fate some day is sent,
For ever to release ye
Frae care that day.

X.

For you, young potentate o' W——,
I tell your *Highness* fairly,
Down pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curse your folly sairly,
That e'er ye brak *Diana*'s pales,
Or rattl'd dice wi' *Charlie*,
By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged *cowte*'s been known
To mak a noble *aiver*;
So ye may doucely fill a throne,
For a' their clish-ma-claver:
There,

There, him* at *Agincourt* wha shone,
Few better were or braver;
And yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir John*,†
He was an unco shaver
For monie a day.

XII.

For you, right rev'rend O———,
Nane sets the *lawn-sleeve* sweeter,
Altho' a ribbon at your lug
Wad been a dress completer:
As ye disown yon paughty dog
That bears the keys of Peter,
Then, swith! an' get a wife to hug,
Or, trouth! ye'll stain the mitre
Some luckless day,

XIII.

Young, royal *Tarry Breeks*, I learn,
Ye've lately come athwart her;
A glorious *galley*,‡ stem an' stern,
Weel rigg'd for *Venus*' barter;
But

---

* King Henry V.

† Sir John Falstaff, *vide* Shakespeare.

‡ Alluding to the newspaper account of a certain royal sailor's amour.

But first hang out, that she'll discern
Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
An', large upo' her quarter,
Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye, lastly, bonie blossoms a',
Ye royal lasses dainty,
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
An' gie you lads a-plenty:
But sneer nae *British boys* awa',
For kings are unco scant ay;
An' German gentles are but *sma'*,
They're better just than *want ay*
On onie day.

XV.

God bless you a'! consider now,
Ye're unco muckle dautet;
But ere the *course* o' life be thro',
It may be bitter sautet:
An' I hae seen their *coggie* fou,
That yet hae tarrow't at it;
But or the *day* was done, I trow,
The laggen they hae clautet
Fu' clean that day.

THE

VISION.

DUAN FIRST.*

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,
The curlers quat their roaring play,
An' hunger'd maukin ta'en her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

The

* *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. ii. of M'Pherson's translation.

587818

The thresher's weary *flingin tree*
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And whan the day had clos'd his e'e,
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the *spence*, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld clay biggin;
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mus'd on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae thing,
But stringin blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank an' clarkit
My cash-account:
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I started,

I started, mutt'ring, blockhead! coof!
And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be *rhyme-proof*
Till my last breath—

When, click! the string the snick did draw:
And, jee! the door gaed to the wa';
An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezin bright,
A tight, outlandish *Hizzie*, braw,
Comé full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht;
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
In some wild glen;
When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad *holly-boughs*
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows,
I took her for some *Scottish Muse*,
By that same token;
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
Wou'd soon been broken.
A 'hair-

A ' hair-brain'd, sentimental trace'
Was strongly marked in her face;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with honor.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
'Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And such a leg! my bonie *Jean*
Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
Nane else came near it.

Her *mantle* large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep *lights* and *shades*, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A *well known* land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
There, mountains to the skies were tost:
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here,

Here, *Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
There, well-fed *Irwine* stately thuds:
Auld hermit *Ayr* staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient *borough* rear'd her head;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race,
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
I could discern;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a race* heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
In sturdy blows;
While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
Their suthron foes.

His

* The Wallaces.

His COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR,* mark him well!
Bold *Richardton's*† heroic swell;
The chief on *Sark*‡ who glorious fell,
In high command;
And *he* whom ruthless fates expel
His native land.

There, where a sceptr'd *Pictish* shade§
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial race, portray'd
In colours strong;
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
They strode along.

Thro'

---

* William Wallace.

† Adam Wallace, of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.

‡ Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought anno 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

§ Coilus, king of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family seat of the Montgomeries of Coils-field, where his burial-place is still shown.

Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,*
Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love,)
In musing mood,
An *aged Judge*, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe†
The learned *sire* and *son* I saw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lore,
This, all its source and end to draw,
That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward‡ I well could spy,
Beneath old *Scotia*'s smiling eye;
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a patriot-name on high
And hero shone.

DUAN

---

* Barskimming, the seat of the late Lord Justice-Clerk, (Sir Thomas Miller of Glenlee, afterwards President of the Court of Session).

† Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Professor Stewart.

‡ Colonel Fullarton.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heav'nly-seeming *fair;*
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder sister's air
She did me greet.

'All hail! my own inspired bard!
'In me thy native muse regard!
'Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
'Thus poorly low!
'I come to give thee such reward
'As we bestow.

'Know, the great *genius* of this land
'Has many a light, aërial band,
'Who, all beneath his high command,
'Harmoniously,
'As arts or arms they understand,
'Their labours ply.

'They

'They *Scotia*'s race among them share;
'Some fire the soldier on to dare;
'Some rouse the patriot up to bare
'Corruption's heart:
'Some teach the bard, a darling care,
'The tuneful art.

''Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
'They ardent, kindling spirits pour;
'Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
'They, sightless, stand,
'To mend the honest patriot-lore,
'And grace the hand.

'And when the bard, or hoary sage,
'Charm or instruct the future age,
'They bind the wild, poetic rage
'In energy,
'Or point the inconclusive page
'Full on the eye.

'Hence *Fullarton*, the brave and young;
'Hence *Dempster*'s zeal-inspired tongue;
'Hence sweet harmonious *Beattie* sung
'His "Minstrel lays;"
'Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
'The *sceptic*'s bays.

'To lower orders are assign'd
'The humbler ranks of Human-kind,
'The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
'The Artisan;
'All chuse, as various they're inclin'd,
'The various man.

'When yellow waves the heavy grain,
'The threat'ning storm some, strongly, rein;
'Some teach to meliorate the plain,
'With tillage-skill;
'And some instruct the shepherd-train,
'Blythe o'er the hill.

'Some hint the lover's harmless wile;
'Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
'Some sooth the lab'rer's weary toil,
'For humble gains,
'And make his cottage-scenes beguile
'His cares and pains.

'Some, bounded to a district-space,
'Explore at large man's infant race,
'To mark the embryotic trace
'Of *rustic Bard;*
'And careful note each op'ning grace,
'A guide and guard.

'*Of these am I—Coila* my name;
'And this district as mine I claim,
'Where once the *Campbells*, chiefs of fame,
'Held ruling pow'r:
'I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
'Thy natal hour.

'With future hope, I oft would gaze,
'Fond, on thy little early ways,
'Thy rudely caroll'd, chiming phrase,
'In uncouth rhymes,
'Fir'd at the simple, artless lays,
'Of other times.

'I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
'Delighted with the dashing roar;
'Or when the north his fleecy store
'Drove thro' the sky,
'I saw grim nature's visage hoar
'Struck thy young eye.

'Or when the deep green-mantl'd earth
'Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
'And joy and music pouring forth
'In ev'ry grove,
'I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
'With boundless love.

'When

'When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
'Call'd forth the reaper's rustling noise,
'I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
'And lonely stalk,
'To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
'In pensive walk.

'When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
'Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
'Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
'Th' adored *Name*,
'I taught thee how to pour in song,
'To soothe thy flame.

'I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
'Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
'Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
'By passion driven;
'But yet the *light* that led astray
'Was *light* from heaven.

'I taught thy manners-painting strains,
'The loves, the ways of simple swains,
'Till now, o'er all my wide domains
'Thy fame extends;
'And some, the pride of *Coila*'s plains,
'Become thy friends.

'Thou

'Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
'To paint with *Thomson*'s landscape-glow;
'Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
'With *Shenstone*'s art;
'Or pour with *Gray*, the moving flow
'Warm on the heart.

'Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,
'The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
'Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
'His army shade,
'Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
'Adown the glade.

'Then never murmur nor repine;
'Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
'And, trust me, not *Potosi*'s mine,
'Nor king's regard,
'Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
'A *rustic Bard.*

'To give my counsels all in one,
'Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
'Preserve *the Dignity of Man,*
'With soul erect;
'And trust, the *Universal Plan*
'Will all protect.

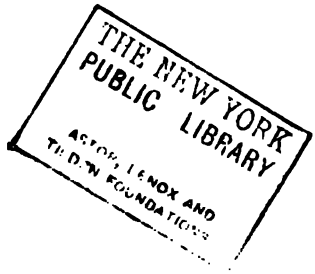
'*And*

'*And wear thou this*'—she solemn said,
And bound the *Holly* round my head:
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

Drawn by [illegible] R.A. Vol. [illegible] page [illegible] Engraved by R.H. [illegible]

'AND WEAR THOU THIS' SHE SOLEMN SAID,
AND BOUND THE HOLLY ROUND MY HEAD:

PUBLISHED JAN. [illegible], BY T. CADELL & W. DAVIES, STRAND, LONDON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ADDRESS

TO THE

UNCO' GUID,

OR THE

RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them ay thegither;
The Rigid Righteous *is a fool,*
The Rigid Wise *anither;*
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.

SOLOMON.—Eccles. ch. vii. ver. 16.

I.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebour's fauts and folly!

Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heapet happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

II.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

III.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What maks the mighty differ;
Discount what scant occasion gave,
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

IV.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop:

Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks an unco lee-way.

V.

See social life and glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
'Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and drinking:
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
D-mnation of expenses!

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Ty'd up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor *frailty* names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

VII.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human:

One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

VIII.

Who made the heart, 'tis *He* alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted.*

TAM SAMSON'S*

ELEGY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

POPE.

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the Deil?
Or great M'*******† thrawn his heel!
Or R*******‡ again grow weel,
To preach an' read?
'Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel,
Tam Samson's dead!

Kilmarnock

* When this worthy old sportsman went out last muirfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, 'the last of his fields;' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the author composed his elegy and epitaph.

† A certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. *Vide* the Ordination, stanza II.

‡ Another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him also see the Ordination, stanza IX.

Kilmarnock lang may grunt an' grane,
An' sigh, an' sab, an' greet her lane,
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed;
To death, she's dearly paid the kane,
Tam Samson's dead!

The brethren of the mystic *level*
May hing their head in woefu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like ony bead;
Death's gien the lodge an unco devel,
Tam Samson's dead!

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like a rock;
When to the loughs the curlers flock,
Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha will they station at the *cock*,
Tam Samson's dead?

He was the king o' a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the rink like *Jehu* roar
In time of need;
But now he lags on death's *hog-score*,
Tam Samson's dead!

Now

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,
And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And eels weel ken'd for souple tail,
And geds for greed,
Since dark in death's *fish-creel* we wail
Tam Samson dead!

Rejoice ye birring paitricks a';
Ye cootie moorcocks, crousely craw;
Ye maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
Withouten dread;
Your mortal fae is now awa',
Tam Samson's dead!

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd
Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd,
While pointers round impatient burn'd,
Frae couples freed;
But, Och! he gaed and ne'er return'd!
Tam Samson's dead!

In vain auld age his body batters;
In vain the gout his ancles fetters;
In vain the burns came down like waters,
An acre braid!
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,
Tam Samson's dead!

Owre many a weary hag he limpit,
An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,
'Till coward death behind him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feide;
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
Tam Samson's dead!

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' weel-aim'd heed;
'L—d, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger;
Tam Samson's dead!

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither;
Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father;
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head,
Whare *Burns* has wrote, in rhyming blether,
Tam Samson's dead!

There low he lies, in lasting rest;
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,
To hatch an' breed;
Alas! nae mair he'll them molest!
Tam Samson's dead!

When

When August winds the heather wave,
And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three volleys let his mem'ry crave
O' pouther an' lead,
'Till Echo answer frae her cave
Tam Samson's dead!

Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be!
Is the wish o' mony mae than me;
He had twa fauts, or may be three,
Yet what remead?
Ae social, honest man want we:
Tam Samson's dead!

. . . . . .

THE EPITAPH.

TAM SAMSON'S weel worn clay here lies,
Ye canting zealots spare him!
If honest worth in heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him.*

PER

---

* The above epitaph is inscribed on the old hero's grave-stone in the church-yard of Kilmarnock; he having many years after the elegy was written paid the last debt of nature.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' *Killie*,*
Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
To cease his grievin,
For yet, unskaith'd by death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's livin.

THE

* *Killie* is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for Kilmarnock.

THE following Poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own.

HALLOWEEN.

HALLOWEEN.*

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

GOLDSMITH.

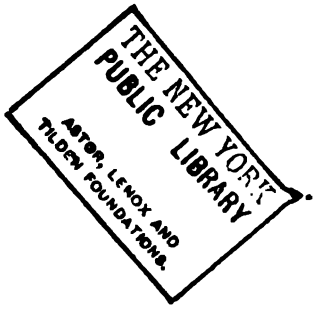
I.

UPON that night, when fairies light,
On *Cassilis Downans*† dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;

Or

* Is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands; particularly those aërial people, the Fairies, are said on that night, to hold a grand anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.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TO BURN THEIR NITS, AN' POU THEIR STOCKS,
AN' HAUD THEIR HALLOWEEN
FU' BLYTHE THAT NIGHT.

PUBLISHED JAN. 1814, BY T. CADELL & W. DAVIES, STRAND, LONDON.

Or for *Colean* the rout is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the *cove*,* to stray an' rove
Amang the rocks and streams
To sport that night.

II.

Amang the bonnie, winding banks
Where *Doon* rins, wimplin, clear,
Where BRUCE† ance rul'd the martial ranks,
An' shook the *Carrick* spear,
Some merry, friendly countra folks,
Together did convene,
To *burn* their nits, an' *pou* their stocks,
And haud their *Halloween*
Fu' blythe that night.

III.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
The

* A noted cavern near Colean-house, called The Cove of Colean; which, as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.

† The famous family of that name, the ancestors of ROBERT, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin
Whiles fast at night.

IV.

Then first and foremost, thro' the kail,
Their *stocks** maun a' be sought ance;
They steek their een, an' graip an' wale,
For muckle anes an' straught anes,
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wander'd thro' the *bow-kail*,
An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
A *runt* was like a sow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

V. Then,

---

* The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: Its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

V.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;
The vera wee things, todlin, rin
Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther;
An' gif the *custoc*'s sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' canni care, they've plac'd them
To lie that night.

VI.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a'
To pou their *stalks o' corn*;*
But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn:
He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
But her *tap-pickle* maist was lost,
When kiutlin in the fause-house†
Wi' him that night.

VII. The

* They go to the barn-yard and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a maid.

† When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the stackbuilder, by means of old timber, &c. makes

VII.

The auld guidwife's weel hoordet *nits**
  Are round an' round divided,
An' monie lads and lasses' fates
  Are there that night decided:
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
  An' burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa wi' saucy pride,
  And jump out-owre the chimlie
    Fu' high that night.

VIII.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e;
  Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;
But this is *Jock*, an' this is *me*,
  She says in to hersel:
He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
  As they wad never mair part;
'Till, fuff! he started up the lum,
  An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
    To see't that night.

IX. Poor

---

makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a *fause-house*.

* Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his *bow-kail runt*,
Was *brunt* wi' primsie Mallie;
An' Mallie, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compar'd to Willie;
Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her ain fit it brunt it;
While Willie lap, and swoor by *jing*,
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night.

X.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
She pits hersel, an' Rob in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
'Till white in ase they're sobbin;
Nell's heart was dancin at the view,
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:
Rob, stowlins, prie'd her bonie mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

XI.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,
And slips out by hersel:

She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
An' to the kiln she goes then,
An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
And in the *blue-clue** throws then,
Right fear't that night.

XII.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin;
'Till something held within the pat,
Guid L—d! but she was quakin!
But whether 'twas the Deil himsel,
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin
To spier that night.

XIII. Wee

---

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and, darkling, throw into the *pot* a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread; demand, *wha hauds?* i. e. who holds? an answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the christian and surname of your future spouse.

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her Graunie says,
'Will ye go wi' me, graunie?
'I'll *eat the apple* at the glass*,
'I gat frae uncle Johnie:'
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
She notic't na, an aizle brunt
Her braw new worset apron
Out thro' that night.

XIV.

'Ye little skelpie-limmer's face!
'How daur you try sic sportin,
'As seek the foul Thief ony place,
'For him to spae your fortune:
'Nae doubt but ye may get a *sight!*
'Great cause ye hae to fear it;
'For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
'An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret
'On sic a night.

* Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion, *to be*, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.

XV.

'Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
'I mind 't as weel's yestreen,
'I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
'I was na past fyfteen:
'The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
'An' stuff was unco green;
'An' ay a rantin kirn we gat,
'And just on *Halloween*
'It fell that night.

XVI.

'Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
'A clever, sturdy fallow:
'He 's sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
'That liv'd in Achmacalla:
'He gat *hemp-seed*,* I mind it weel,
'An' he made unco light o't;
'But monie a day was *by himsel*,
'He was sae sairly frighted
'That vera night.'

XVII. Then

* Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, 'Hemp-seed I saw 'thee, hemp-seed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be 'my true-love, come after me and pou thee.' Look over

XVII.

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
An' he swoor by his conscience,
That he could *saw hemp-seed* a peck;
For it was a' but nonsense;
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An' out a handfu' gied him;
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
An' try't that night.

XVIII.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
Tho' he was something sturtin;
The *graip* he for a *harrow* taks,
An' haurls at his curpin;
An' ev'ry now an' then he says,
'Hemp-seed I saw thee,
'An' her that is to be my lass,
'Come after me, and draw thee
'As fast this night.'

XIX. He

---

your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, 'come after me, and shaw thee,' that is, show thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, 'come after me, and harrow thee.'

XIX.

He whistl'd up Lord Lenox' march,
To keep his courage cheery;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd an' eerie:
'Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' gruntle;
He by his shouther gae a keek,
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation!
An' young an' auld came rinnin out,
An' hear the sad narration:
He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
'Till, stop! she trotted thro' them a';
An' wha was it but *Grumphie*
Asteer that night!

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the *barn* gaen,
To *win three wechts o' naething*;*
But

* This charm must likewise be performed, unperceived, and alone. You go to the *barn*, and open both doors, taking them

But for to meet the deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in:
She gies the herd a pickle nits,
An' twa red cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the *barn* she sets,
In hopes to see Tam Kipples
That vera night.

XXII.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
An' owre the threshold ventures;
But first on Sawnie gies a ca'
Syne bauldly in she enters:
A *ratton* rattled up the wa',
An' she cried, L—d preserve her!
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
Fu' fast that night.

XXIII. They

---

them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger, that the *being*, about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a *wecht*; and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time, an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice;
They hecht him some fine braw ane;
It chanc'd the *stack* he *faddom't thrice*,*
Was timmer-propt for thrawin;
He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
For some black, grousome carlin;
An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
'Till skin in blypes came haurlin
Aff's nieves that night.

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
As canty as a kittlen;
But, Och! that night, amang the shaws,
She got a fearfu' settlin!
She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,
Whare *three lairds' lands met at a burn*,†
To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
Was bent that night.

XXV. Whyles

---

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a *Bear-stack*, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

† You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south running spring or rivulet, where 'three lairds' lands meet,'

XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazle,
Unseen that night.

XXVI.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
Between her an' the moon,
The deil, or else an outler quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon:
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
Near lav'rock-height she jumpit,
But mist a fit, an' in the *pool*,
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night.

XXVII. In

---

meet,' and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and, some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The *luggies* three* are ranged,
And ev'ry time great care is ta'en,
To see them duly changed:
Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
Sin *Mar's-year* did desire,
Because he gat the toom-dish thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire
In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
I wat they did na weary;
An' unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
Their sports were cheap an' cheery;

'Till

---

* Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty: blindfold a person and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand: if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretels, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

'Till *butter'd so'ns*,* wi' fragrant lunt,
Set a' their gabs a-steerin;
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin
Fu' blythe that night.

THE

---

* Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the *Halloween Supper*.

THE

AULD FARMER'S

NEW YEAR MORNING SALUTATION

TO HIS

AULD MARE MAGGIE,

On giving her the accustomed ripp of corn to hansel in the new year.

A *Guid New-year* I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a *ripp* to thy auld baggie:
Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day,
Thou could hae gaen like onie staggie
Out-owre the lay.

Tho'

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide's as white's a daisy,
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, and glaizie,
A bonny gray:
He should been tight that daur't to *raize* thee.
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A *filly* buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird;
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,
Like ony bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year,
Sin' thou was my guid father's *meere;*
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark;
Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,
Ye then was trottin wi' your minnie:
Tho' ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie.

That

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonny *bride:*
An' sweet and gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air!
Kyle Stewart I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hobble,
An' wintle like a saumont-coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win'!
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far behin'.

When thou an' I were young an' skeigh,
An' stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skreigh,
An' tak the road!
Town's bodies ran, an' stood abeigh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a swallow:
At *Brooses* thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
An' gar't them whaizle.
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazle.

Thou was a noble *fittie-lan'*,
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
In guid March-weather,
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, an' fech't, an' fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith and pow'r,
'Till spritty knowes wad rair't and risket,
An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labor back to keep,
I gied thy *cog* a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer;
I ken'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep
For that, or simmer.

In

In cart or car thou never reestit;
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it;
Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa.

My *pleugh* is now thy bairn-time a';
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa,
That thou hast nurst:
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst.

Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
An' monie an anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld, trusty servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin,
An' thy auld days may end in starvin,
For my last *fou*,
A heapit *stimpart*, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
To some hain'd r g,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.

TO

A MOUSE,

On turning her up in her Nest with the Plough, November, 1785.

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring *pattle!*

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which maks thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' *fellow-mortal!*

I doubt

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A *daimen icker* in a *thrave*
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit *housie*, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the wins are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel *coulter* past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *foresight* may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' *mice* an' *men*,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' *me!*
The *present* only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna *see*,
I *guess* an' *fear*.

A

WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pityless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you,
From seasons such as these?——

SHAKESPEARE.

When biting *Boreas*, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
When *Phœbus* gies a short-liv'd glow'r
Far south the lift,
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift:

Ae

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd
My heart forgets,
While pityless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now

Now *Phœbe*, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffl'd, view'd the dreary plain;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole—

'Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
'And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
'Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
'Not all your rage, as now united, shows
'More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
'Vengeful malice unrepenting,
'Than heav'n-illumin'd man on brother man bestows!
'See stern oppression's iron grip,
'Or mad ambition's gory hand,
'Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
'Woe, want, and murder o'er a land!
'Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
'Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
'How pamper'd luxury, flatt'ry by her side,
'The parasite empoisoning her ear,
'With all the servile wretches in the rear,
'Looks o'er proud property, extended wide;
'And eyes the simple rustic hind,
'Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
'A creature of another kind,
'Some coarser substance, unrefin'd,
'Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below.
'Where,

'Where, where is love's fond, tender throe,
'With lordly honor's lofty brow,
'The pow'rs you proudly own?
'Is there, beneath love's noble name,
'Can harbour, dark the selfish aim,
'To bless himself alone!
'Mark maiden-innocence a prey
'To love-pretending snares,
'This boasted honor turns away,
'Shunning soft pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'rs!
'Perhaps, this hour, in mis'ry's squalid nest,
'She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!
'Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
'Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
'Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
'Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
'Ill-satisfy'd keen nature's clam'rous call,
'Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
'While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
'Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drifty heap!
'Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
'Where guilt and poor misfortune pine!
'Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
'But shall thy legal rage pursue
'The wretch, already crushed low
'By cruel fortune's undeserved blow?
'Affliction's

'Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
'A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!'

I heard nae mair, for *Chanticleer*
Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
A cottage-rousing craw.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Thro' all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE

TO

DAVIE,

A

BROTHER POET.*

January ——.

I.

WHILE winds frae aff *Ben-Lomond* blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely westlin jingle.

While

* *David Sillar*, one of the club at Tarbolton, and author of a volume of poems in the Scottish dialect. B.

While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
That live sae bien an' snug:
I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side;
But hanker and canker,
To see their cursed pride.

II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd;
How best o' chiels are whiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't:
But *Davie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier:
'Mair spier na, nor fear na',*
Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only but to beg.

III.

* Ramsay.

III.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress!
Yet then content could make us blest;
Ev'n then sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.
The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However fortune kick the ba',
Has ay some cause to smile,
And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma';
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

IV.

What tho', like commoners of air,
We wander out we know not where,
But either house or hal'?
Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year:

On

On braes when we please, then,
We'll sit and sowth a tune;
Syne *rhyme* till't, we'll time till't,
And sing 't when we hae done.

V.

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin muckle *mair:*
It's no in books; it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest:
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The *heart* ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet an' dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?

Alas!

Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess!
Baith careless, and fearless
Of either heav'n or hell!
Esteeming, and deeming
It a' an idle tale!

VII.

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state;
And, even should misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An 's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit of age to youth;
They let us ken oursel;
They make us see the naked truth,
The *real* guid and ill.
Tho' losses, and crosses,
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

VIII.

But tent me, *Davie*, ace o' hearts!
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And

And flatt'ry I detest)
This life has joys for you and I;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy:
And joys the very best.
There's a' the *pleasures o' the heart*,
The lover an' the frien';
Ye hae your *Meg*, your dearest part,
And I my darling *Jean!*
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her *name:*
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame!

IX.

O all ye pow'rs who rule above!
O *Thou*, whose very self art *love!*
Thou know'st my words sincere!
The life-blood streaming thro' my hear
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief,
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief
And solace to my breast.
Thou *Being*, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r;
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

X.

All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
  The sympathetic glow!
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
  Had it not been for you!
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
  In every care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band,
  A tie more tender still.
    It lightens, it brightens
      The tenebrific scene,
    To meet with, and greet with
      My *Davie* or my *Jean*.

XI.

O, how that *name* inspires my style!
The words come skelpin rank and file,
  Amaist before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine,
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
  Were glowrin owre my pen.
My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,
  'Till ance he's fairly het;
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
  An' rin an unco fit:

But

But lest then, the beast then,
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
His sweaty wizen'd hide.

THE LAMENT,

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself!
And sweet Affection *prove the spring of woe.*

HOME.

I.

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How *life* and *love* are all a dream.

II.

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
  The faintly-marked distant hill:
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
  Reflected in the gurgling rill:
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
  Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
  For ever bar returning peace!

III.

No idly-feign'd poetic pains,
  My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
  No fabled tortures, quaint and tame:
The plighted faith; the mutual flame;
  The oft attested pow'rs above;
The *promis'd Father's tender name;*
  These were the pledges of my love!

IV.

Encircled in her clasping arms,
  How have the raptur'd moments flown:
How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
  For her dear sake, and her's alone!

And must I think it! is she gone,
My secret heart's exulting boast?
And does she heedless hear my groan?
And is she ever, ever lost?

V.

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to honour, lost to truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth!
Alas! life's path may be unsmooth!
Her way may lie thro' rough distress!
Then, who her pangs and pains will sooth,
Her sorrows share, and make them less?

VI.

Ye winged hours that o'er us past,
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room!
Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a *wish* to gild the gloom!

VII.

VII.

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe:
I see the hours in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
Full many a pang, and many a throe,
Keen recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
Shall kiss the distant, western main.

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore-harass'd out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
Or if I slumber, fancy, chief,
Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright:
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

O! thou bright queen, who o'er th' expanse,
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway!
Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray!

The

The time, unheeded, sped away,
  While love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
  To mark the mutual kindling eye.

X.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
  Scenes never, never, to return!
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
  Again I feel, again I burn!
From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
  Life's weary vale I'll wander thro';
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
  A faithless woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY,

AN

ODE.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear
I sit me down and sigh:
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!

Dim

Dim backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear!
What sorrows *yet* may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb!

II.

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wished *end*'s deny'd,
Yet while the busy *means* are ply'd,
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an *aim*,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same,
You, bustling, and justling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I, listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

III.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,

Within

Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or, haply, to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint collected dream:
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part;
The lucky moment to improve,
And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
With self-respecting art:
But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The *Solitary* can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!

V. Oh!

V.

Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That *active man* engage!
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim-declining *age!*

WINTER,

A

DIRGE.

I.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw:
While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

II. "The

II.

" The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,"*
The joyless winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:
The tempest's howl, it sooths my soul,
My griefs it seems to join,
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine!

III.

Thou *Pow'r Supreme*, whose mighty scheme,
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
Because they are *Thy* Will!
Then all I want (O, do thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to *enjoy* thou dost deny,
Assist me to *resign*.

---

* Dr. Young.

"Last May a braw Wooer cam down the lang glen
And sair wi' his love he did deave me."

Scottish Ballad.

THE

COTTER'S

SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKIN, ESQ.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor.

GRAY.

I.

MY lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:

To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aikin in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

II.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh:
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

III.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, stacher thro'
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie *wifie*'s smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

IV. Belyve

IV.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun':
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The *mother*, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The *father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;

'An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
'An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
'An' O! be sure to fear the LORD alway!
'An' mind your *duty*, duly, morn an' night!
'Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
'Implore his counsel and assisting might:
'They never sought in vain that sought the LORD aright!'

VII.

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in *Jenny*'s e'e, and flush her cheek,
With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, its nae wild, worthless rake.

VIII.

Wi' kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he taks the mother's eye;
Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill-ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy.
But

But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her *bairn*'s respected like
the lave.

IX.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary *mortal round*,
And sage *experience* bids me this declare—
'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
'One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
'In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
'Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
ev'ning gale.'

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet *Jenny*'s unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction
wild?

XI.

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome *parritch*, chief o' *Scotia*'s food:
The soupe their only *Hawkie* does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

XII.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big *ha'-Bible*, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And '*Let us worship* GOD!' he says, with solemn air.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps *Dundee*'s wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name;

Or

Or noble *Elgin* beets the heav'n-ward flame,
The sweetest far of *Scotia*'s holy lays:
Compar'd wi' these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

XIV.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How *Abram* was the *friend of* God on high;
Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage
With *Amalek*'s ungracious progeny;
Or how the *royal bard* did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or, *Job*'s pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt *Isaiah*'s wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the *Christian volume* is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How *He*, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How his first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great *Bab'lon*'s doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING!
The *saint*, the *father*, and the *husband* prays:
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'*
That *thus* they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their *Creator*'s praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart!*
The *Pow'r*, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But, haply, in some *cottage* far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in his *book of life* the inmates poor enrol.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:

The

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

The parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That *He*, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with *grace divine* preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these old *Scotia*'s grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of GOD;'
And *certes*, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,
The *cottage* leaves the *palace* far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp! a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

XX.

O *Scotia!* my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!

And,

And, O! may heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
A *virtuous populace* may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd
Isle.

XXI.

O *Thou!* who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' *Wallace*'s undaunted heart;
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's *God*, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, *Scotia*'s realm desert;
But still the *patriot*, and the *patriot bard*,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!*

---

* The remark of an old housekeeper at Dunlop House on this poem, may amuse some readers. Mrs. M'Guistin, (for that was the good woman's name) died some time after her Mistress, in the fifty-fourth year of her service in that family, and, by the time the Poet was introduced to Mrs. Dunlop's acquaintance, had acquired a sort of prescriptive right to have some attention paid to her feelings and peculiarities.

It was observed she did not seem quite convinced of the propriety of Mrs. Dunlop's being as careful respecting accommodation and entertainment when this *new man* was expected, as when any of the neighbouring landed gentry visited at the House. By way of convincing her of the Poet's claim to such attention, Mrs. Dunlop gave her the Cotter's Saturday Night to read.—On returning the book, she remarked, " Gentlemen and Ladies may think mickle " o' this; but for me it's naething but what I saw i' my " father's house every day, and I dinna see how he could " hae tell't it ony ither way."

MAN

WAS MADE TO MOURN:

A

DIRGE.

I.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth,
Along the banks of *Ayr*,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

II.

II.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
Began the rev'rend sage;
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man.

III.

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

IV.

O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!

Alternate

Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, Oh! ill-match'd pair;
Show man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, Oh! what crowds in ev'ry land,
Are wretched and forlorn:
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
  Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
  Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heav'n-erected face
  The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
  Makes countless thousands mourn!

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
  So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
  To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
  The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
  And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
  By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
  E'er planted in my mind?

If

If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

X.

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the *last!*
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

XI.

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, Oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!

A PRAYER

A

PRAYER

IN THE

PROSPECT OF DEATH.

I.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

II.

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As *something*, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

III.

III.

Thou know'st that thou hast formed me,
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
Or *frailty* stept aside,
Do thou, *All-Good!* for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

V.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, *Thou art good;* and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS

STANZAS

ON THE

SAME OCCASION.

Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene!
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between:
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms:
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain

Fain would I say, ' Forgive my foul offence!'
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's way:
Again in folly's path might go astray;
Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?

O Thou, great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controling pow'r assist ev'n me,
Those headlong furious passions to confine;
For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
O, aid me with thy help, *Omnipotence Divine!*

LYING

AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE ONE NIGHT,
THE AUTHOR LEFT THE FOLLOWING

VERSES,

IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

I.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st above!
I know thou wilt me hear:
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my pray'r sincere.

II.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleas'd to spare;
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

III.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish!

V.

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
Guide thou their steps alway.

VI.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heav'n!

THE

FIRST PSALM.

The man, in life wherever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees,
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
  Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble tost,
  Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that GOD the good adore
  Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
  Shall ne'er be truly blest.

A PRAYER,

A

PRAYER,

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF

VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O THOU Great Being! what thou art
  Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure I am, that known to thee
  Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands,
  All wretched and distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
  Obey thy high behest.

Sure

Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
  From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
  Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
  To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves,
  To bear and not repine!

THE

FIRST SIX VERSES

OF THE

NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself,
Arose at thy command;

That pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those

Those mighty periods of years
  Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
  Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word: Thy creature, man,
  Is to existence brought;
Again thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
  'Return ye into nought!'

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
  In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood thou tak'st them off
  With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
  In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down, it lies
  All wither'd and decay'd.

TO

A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON

TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH,

In April, 1786,

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! its no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie *Lark*, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet;
Wi' speckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble, birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
'Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of *prudent lore*,
'Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
'Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but *Heav'n*,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
'Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

TO

RUIN.

I.

All hail! inexorable lord!
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall!
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all!
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart;
For one has cut my *dearest tye*,
And quivers in my heart.
Then low'ring, and pouring,
The *storm* no more I dread;
Tho' thick'ning and black'ning,
Round my devoted head.

II.

II.

And thou grim pow'r, by life abhorr'd,
While life a *pleasure* can afford,
  Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
  To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
  Resign life's *joyless* day;
My weary heart its throbbings cease,
  Cold mould'ring in the clay?
    No fear more, no tear more,
      To stain my lifeless face;
    Enclasped, and grasped
      Within thy cold embrace!

TO

MISS LOGAN,

WITH

BEATTIE'S POEMS

As a New Year's Gift, Jan. 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts
In *Edwin*'s simple tale.

Our

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charg'd, perhaps, too true;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An *Edwin* still to you!

EPISTLE

EPISTLE

TO

A YOUNG FRIEND.

May —— 1786.

I.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind *memento;*
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

II.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And, *Andrew* dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked:
But, och! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If *self* the wavering balance shake,
It 's rarely right adjusted!

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' *important end* of life,
They equally may answer;

A man

A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

V.

Ay free, aff han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

VI.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' *illicit rove*,
Tho' naething should divulge it:
I wave the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But, och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

VII.

To catch dame Fortune's golden sm
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being *independent*.

VIII.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your *honor* grip,
Let that ay be your border:
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

IX.

The great *Creator* to revere,
Must sure become the *creature;*
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature:

Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An Atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

X.

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie a *random sting*,
It may be little minded;
But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a noble *anchor!*

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, 'God send you speed,'
Still daily to grow wiser:
And may you better reck the *rede*,
Than ever did th' adviser!

A SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO

THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by soups o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come mourn wi' me!
Our *billie*'s gien us a' a jink,
An' owre the sea.

Lament

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore,
Nae mair he'll join the *merry roar*,
In social key;
For now he's taen anither shore,
An' owre the sea!

The bonnie lasses weel may wiss him,
And in their dear *petitions* place him:
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
Wi' tearfu' e'e;
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
That's owre the sea!

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,
Wha can do nought but fyke and fumble,
'Twad been nae plea;
But he was gleg as ony wumble,
That's owre the sea!

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
'Twill mak her poor auld heart I fear,
In flinders flee;
He was her *laureat* monie a year,
That's owre the sea!

He

He saw misfortune's cauld *nor-west*
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A jillet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be!
So, took a birth afore the mast,
An' owre the sea.

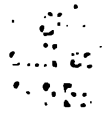
To tremble under fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
Could ill agree;
So, row't his hurdies in a *hammock*,
An' owre the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was *under hiding;*
He dealt it free;
The muse was a' that he took pride in,
That 's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel:
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
And fou o' glee;
He wad na wrang'd the vera deil,
That 's owre the sea.

Farewel,

Fareweel, my *rhyme-composing billie!*
Your native-soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonnilie!
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Tho' owre the sea!



TO

TO

A HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honest sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy of a *grace*
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His

His knife see rustic labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
'Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French *ragout*,
Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,
Or *fricassee* wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner!

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But

But mark the rustic, *haggis-fed*,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whissle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thristle.

Ye pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a *Haggis!*

A DEDICATION

A

DEDICATION

TO

GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleechin, fleth'rin dedication,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
Because ye're surnam'd like *his grace*,
Perhaps related to the race;

Then

Then when I'm tir'd—and sae are *ye,*
Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the great folk for a wamefou ;
For me! sae laigh I needna bow,
For, Lord be thankit, *I can plough;*
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit, *I can beg;*
Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
It's just *sic poet,* an' *sic patron.*

The Poet, some guid angel help him,
Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him,
He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only he's no just begun yet.

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me)
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want;

What's

What 's no his ain he winna tak it,
What ance he says he winna break it;
Ought he can lend he'll no refus 't,
'Till aft his guidness is abus'd;
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang:
As master, landlord, husband, father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that;
It 's naething but a milder feature,
Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt nature:
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
That he 's the poor man's friend in need,
The *gentleman* in word and deed,
It 's no thro' terror of d-mn-tion;
It 's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In *moral* mercy, truth, and justice!

No—

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
Abuse a brother to his back;
Steal thro' a *winnock* frae a wh-re,
But point the rake that taks the *door;*
Be to the poor like onie whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grunstane,
Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving;
No matter, stick to *sound believing*.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang wry faces;
Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own;
I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of *C-lv-n*,
For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin!
Ye sons of heresy and error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror!
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath;
When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,
Just frets 'till heav'n commission gies him:
While o'er the *harp* pale Mis'ry moans,
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder shricks, and heavier groans!

Your

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
I maist forgat my *dedication;*
But when divinity comes cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, ye see 'twas nae daft vapour,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, Sir, to *You:*
Because (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them something like yoursel.

Then patronize them wi' your favour,
And your petitioner shall ever——
I had amaist said, *ever pray,*
But that's a word I need na say:
For prayin I hae little skill o't;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;
But I'se repeat each poor man's *pray'r,*
That kens or hears about you, Sir—

'May ne'er misfortune's gowling bark,
'Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk!*
'May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
'For that same gen'rous spirit smart!
'May Kennedy's far-honour'd name
'Lang beet his hymeneal flame,

'Till Hamiltons, at least a dizen,
Are frae their nuptial labours risen:
Five bonnie lasses round their table,
And seven braw fellows, stout an' able
To serve their king and country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
May health and peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the evening o' his days;
'Till his wee curlie *John*'s ier-oe,
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last, sad, mournful rites bestow.'

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
Wi' complimentary effusion:
But whilst your wishes and endeavours
Are blest with fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which pow'rs above prevent)
That iron-hearted carl, *Want*,
Attended in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your *humble servant* then no more;
For who would humbly serve the poor!

But

But by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
While recollection's pow'r is given,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of fortune's strife,
I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
Should recognize my *master dear*,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand—my *friend* and *brother!*

TO

A LOUSE,

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET, AT CHURCH.

Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie!
Your impudence protects you sairly:
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner,
How dare ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner
On some poor body.

Swith,

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumpin cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Whare *horn* nor *bane* ne'er dare unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rils, snug an' tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
'Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
O' *Miss's bonnet.*

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and gray as onie grozet;
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine *Lunardi!* fie,
How dare ye do't!

O, *Jenny,*

O, *Jenny*, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abread!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin!
Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,
Are notice takin!

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion!

ADDRESS

TO

EDINBURGH.

I.

EDINA! *Scotia*'s darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

II.

II.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labour plies;
There architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise;
Here justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy Sons, EDINA, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale;
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim;
And never may their sources fail!
And never envy blot their name!

IV.

Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn!
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!

Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
  Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the *sire of love on high*,
  And own his work indeed divine!

V.

There, watching high the least alarms,
  Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,
  And mark'd with many a seamy scar:
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
  Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock;
Have oft withstood assailing war,
  And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

VI.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
  I view that noble, stately dome,
Where *Scotia*'s kings of other years
  Fam'd heroes, had their royal home:
Alas, how chang'd the times to come!
  Their royal name low in the dust!
Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam!
  Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas just!

VII.

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old *Scotia*'s bloody lion bore:
Ev'n *I* who sing in rustic lore,
Haply *my sires* have left their shed,
And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where *your* fathers led!

VIII.

EDINA! *Scotia*'s darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

EPISTLE

TO

J. LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1*st*, 1785.

While briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' paitricks scraichin loud at e'en,
An' morning poussie whiddin seen,
Inspire my muse,
This freedom in an *unknown* frien'
I pray excuse.

On

On fasten-een we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
And there was muckle fun an' jokin,
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin
At *sang about*.

There was ae *sang*, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife:
It thrill'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describes sae we
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, 'Can this be Pope or Steele,
'Or Beattie's wark!'
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't,
And sae about him there I spier't,
Then a' that ken't him round declar'd
He had *ingine*,
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was sae fine.

That set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes and sangs he'd made himsel,
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith,
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh and graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith
To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the *crambo-jingle* fell,
Tho' rude an' rough,
Yet crooning to a body's sel,
Does weel eneugh.

I am nae *poet*, in a sense,
But just a rhymer, like, by chance,
An' hae to learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, ' How can you e'er propose,
' You wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,
' To mak a *sang ?*'
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're may be wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your latin names for horns an' stools;
If honest nature made you *fools*,
What sairs your grammars?
Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
Or knappin-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in college classes!
They *gang in* stirks, and *come out* asses,
Plain truth to speak;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then though I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At plough or cart,
My muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for

O for a spunk o' *Allan*'s glee,
Or *Fergusson*'s, the bauld and slee,
Or bright *Lapraik*'s, my friend to be,
If I can hit it!
That would be lear eneugh for me,
If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' real friends, I b'lieve, are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
I'se no insist,
But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel;
As ill I like my fauts to tell;
But friends an' folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me;
Tho' I maun own, as monie still
As far abuse me.

There's ae *wee faut* they whiles lay to me,
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!
For monie a plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair;
May be some *ither thing* they gie me
They weel can spare.

But

But *Mauchline* race, or *Mauchline* fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,
An' hae a swap o' *rhymin-ware*
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin water;
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart;
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa ye selfish warly race,
Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place
To *catch-the-plack!*
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your *being* on the terms,
'Each aid the others,'
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!

But

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen 's worn to the grissle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing, or whissle,
Your friend and servant.

TO

THE SAME.

April 21st, 1765.

While new-ca'd kye rout at the stake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor,
To honest-hearted, auld *Lapraik*,
For his kind letter.

Forjesket

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten hours' bite,
My awkart muse sair pleads and begs,
I would na write.

The tapetless ramfeezl'd hizzie,
She's saft at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she, 'Ye ken, we've been sae busy,
'This month an' mair,
'That trouth my head is grown right dizzie,
'An' something sair.'

Her dowff excuses pat me mad:
'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad!
'I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
'This vera night;
'So dinna ye affront your trade,
'But rhyme it right.

'Shall bauld *Lapraik*, the king o' hearts,
'Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
'Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
'In terms sae friendly,
'Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,
'An' thank him kindly?'

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An' down gaed *stumpie* in the ink:
Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
'I vow I'll close it;
'An' if ye winna mak it clink,
'By Jove I'll prose it!'

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
Let time mak proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Come, kittle up your *moorland-harp*
Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how fortune *waft* an' *warp*;
She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow!

Now

Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city *Gent*,
Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
And muckle waine,
In some bit brugh to represent
A *Bailie*'s name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
Wi' rufflí'd sark an' glancing cane,
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
But lordly stalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks?

'O *Thou* wha gies us each guid gift!
'Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
'Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift,
'Thro' Scotland wide;
'Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
'In a' their pride!'

Were this the *charter* of our state,
'On pain' o' hell be rich an' great,'
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead;
But, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate
We learn our creed.

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
'The social, friendly, honest man,
'Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils *great Nature's plan*,
'An' none but *he!*'

O mandate glorious and divine!
The ragged followers of the Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While sordid sons of Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
May in some future carcase howl
The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then

Then may *Lapraik* and *Burns* arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And *sing* their pleasures, hopes, an' joys,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year!

TO

W. SIMPSON,

OCHILTREE.

May, 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome *Willie;*
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
Your flatterin strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, sidelins sklented
On my poor Musie;
Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it,
I scarce excuse ye.

My

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a *hope* to speel,
Wi' *Allen*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
The braes o' fame;
Or *Fergusson*, the writer chiel,
A deathless name.

(O *Fergusson!* thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts!
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh Gentry!
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
As whiles they're like to be my deed
(O sad disease!)
I kittle up my *rustic reed;*
It gies me ease.

Auld *Coila* now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten Poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measur'd stile;
She lay like some unkeu'd-of isle
Beside *New-Holland*,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth *Magellan*.

Ramsay an' faunous *Fergusson*
Gied *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift aboon;
Yarrow an' *Tweed*, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr*, an' *Doon*,
Nae body sings.

Th' *Illissus*, *Tiber*, *Thames*, an' *Seine*,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line!
But, *Willie*, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld *Coila*'s plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious *Wallace*
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae southron billies.

At *Wallace'* name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By *Wallace'* side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious dy'd.

O sweet are *Coila*'s haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me
When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*
Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day!

O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light,
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night!

The muse, nae poet ever fand her,
'Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive,
Let me fair *Nature*'s face descrive,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, ' my rhyme-composing brither!
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither:
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal;
May *Envy* wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal!

While highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes;
While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies;
While terra firma, on her axis
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In *Robert Burns*.

POSTSCRIP

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory 's no worth a preen;
I had amaist forgotten clean,
Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this *new-light*,*
'Bout which our *herds* sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At *grammar*, *logic*, an' sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie,
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,
Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the *moon*,
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, 'till her last roon,
Gaed past their viewing,
An' shortly after she was done,
They gat a new one.

This

* See note, p. 67.

This past for certain, undisputed;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
'Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
An' ca'd it wrang;
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud an' lang.

Some *herds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;
For 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
An' out o' sight,
An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;
The *herds* an' *hissels* were alarm'd:
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd
Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks;
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks;
An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
An' *auld-light* caddies bure sic hands,
That, faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks,
'Till lairds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light herds* gat sic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe,
'Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe,
Ye'll find ane plac'd;
An' some, their *new-light* fair avow,
Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the *auld-light flocks* are bleatin;
Their zealous *herds* are vex'd an' sweatin;
Mysel, I've even seen them greetin
Wi' girnin spite,
To hear the *moon* sae sadly lie'd on
By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns!
Some *auld-light herds* in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they ca' *balloons*,
To tak a flight,
An' stay ae month amang the *moons*
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them;
An' when the *auld moon*'s gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
An' when the *new-light* billies see them,
I think they'll crouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a 'moonshine matter;'
But tho' dull prose-folk latin splatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope, we bardies ken some better
Than mind sic brulzie.

EPISTLE

TO

J. RANKINE,

INCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankine,
The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin!
There's mony godly folks are thinkin,
Your *dreams** an' tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin,
Straught to auld Nick's.
Ye

* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked, drucken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
An' fill them fou;
And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
Are a' seen thro'.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
The lads in *black!*
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're skaithing,
It's just the *blue-gown* badge an' claithing
O' saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naething
To ken them by,
Frae ony unregenerate heathen
Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
A' that I bargain'd for an' mair;

Sae,

Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
I will expect
Yon *sang*,* ye 'll sen 't wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing!
My muse dow scarcely spread her wing!
I 've play'd mysel a bonnie spring,
An' danc'd my fill!
I 'd better gaen an' sair'd the king,
At *Bunker's Hill.*

'Twas ae night lately in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
An' brought a *paitrick* to the grun,
A bonnie hen,
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

The

* A *song* he had promised the author.

The poor wee thing was little hurt;
I straikit it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't;
But, deil-ma-care!
Somebody tells the *poacher-court*
The hale affair.

Some auld us'd hands had taen a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot;
I was suspected for the plot;
I scorn'd to lie;
So gat the whissle o' my groat,
An' pay't the *fee.*

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pouther an' my hail,
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' swear!
The *game* shall pay o'er moor an' dale,
For this, niest year.

As soon 's the clockin-time is by,
An' the wee pouts begun to cry,
L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by,
For my gowd guinea:
Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye
For 't in Virginia.

Trowth,

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three draps about the wame
Scarce thro' the feathers;
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers!

It pits me ay as mad's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair;
But *pennyworths* again is fair,
When time's expedient:
Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Your most obedient.

WRITTEN

IN

FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE

ON NITH-SIDE.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

As youth and love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup.
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits would'st thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:
Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-neuk of ease,
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?

Did

Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shall ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break.
'Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the beadsman of Nith-side.

ODE,

ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

MRS. —— OF ——.

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation! mark
Who in widow-weeds appears,
Laden with unhonoured years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse!

STROPHE.

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of humanity's sweet melting grace?
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.
See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took—but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest.
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
(A while forbear, ye tort'ring fiends,)
Seest thou whose step, unwilling hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty *quondam mate*,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a-year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?

O, bitter

O, bitter mock'ry of the *pompous bier*,
While down the wretched *vital part* is driv'n!
The cave lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heav'n.

ELEGY

ELEGY

ON

CAPT. MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD!

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless Heav'nly Light!

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He's

He's gane, he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
Where echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye haz'lly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
Wi' toddlin din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin.

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lee;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines, hanging bonnilie,
In scented bow'rs;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
An' mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood;
He's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, 'till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay;
And when we wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
What time the moon, wi' silent glowr,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
'Till waukrife morn!

O, rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe;
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
For him that's dead!

Thou, autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light!
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O, *Henderson!* the man! the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever!
And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound!
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around!

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

STOP, passenger! my story's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man;
I tell nae common tale o' grief,
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at fortune's door, man;
A look of pity hither cast,
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart;
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
  Wad life itself resign, man;
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
  For Matthew was a kind man!

If thou art staunch without a stain,
  Like the unchanging blue, man;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
  For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
  And ne'er guid wine did fear, man;
This was thy billie, dam, and sire,
  For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin sot,
  To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
  For Matthew was a rare man.

LAMENT

OF

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

ON

THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:

Now Phœbus cheers the crystal stream
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:

And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae:
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

O! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!

And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave:
And the next flow'rs, that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

TO

ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.

OF

FINTRA.

LATE crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a *pass* for leave to beg:
Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest,
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest;)
Will generous *Graham* list to his Poet's wail?
(It soothes poor misery, hearkening to her tale,)
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?

Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.

The

The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forests, and one spurns the
ground:
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
Th'envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.—
Thy minions, kings defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.—
Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles insure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug.
Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
A thing unteachable in world's skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still.
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich dulness' comfortable fur.
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears the unbroken blast from ev'ry side:
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes;
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear:
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in the unequal strife,
The hapless poet flounders on through life.
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
And fled each muse that glorious once inspir'd,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage!

So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed deceas'd,
For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast:
By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up:

Conscious

Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder 'some folks' do not starve.
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that 'fools are fortune's care.'
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears:)
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!
Fintra, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown;
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!

May *bliss domestic* smooth his private path;
Give energy to life; and sooth his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

LAMENT

LAMENT

FOR

JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream:
Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
His locks were bleached white with time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears;
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes alang.

" Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
" The reliques of the vernal quire!
" Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
" The honours of the aged year!
" A few short months, and glad and gay,
" Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
" But nocht in all revolving time
" Can gladness bring again to me.

" I am a bending aged tree,
" That long has stood the wind and rain;
" But now has come a cruel blast,
" And my last hald of earth is gane:
" Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
" Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
" But I maun lie before the storm,
" And ithers plant them in my room.

" I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
" On earth I am a stranger grown;
" I wander

" I wander in the ways of men,
" Alike unknowing and unknown :
" Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
" I bear alane my lade o' care,
" For silent, low, on beds of dust,
" Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

" And last, (the sum of a' my griefs !)
" My noble master lies in clay ;
" The flow'r amang our barons bold,
" His country's pride, his country's stay :
" In weary being now I pine,
" For a' the life of life is dead,
" And hope has left my aged ken,
" On forward wing for ever fled.

" Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !
" The voice of woe and wild despair ;
" Awake, resound thy latest lay,
" Then sleep in silence evermair !
" And thou, my last, best, only friend,
" That fillest an untimely tomb,
" Accept this tribute from the bard
" Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.

" In poverty's low barren vale,
" Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round ;
" Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
" Nae ray of fame was to be found :

" Thou

" Thou found'st me, like the morning sun,
" That melts the fogs in limpid air,
" The friendless bard and rustic song,
" Became alike thy fostering care.

" O! why has worth so short a date?
" While villains ripen grey with time!
" Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
" Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
" Why did I live to see that day?
" A day to me so full of woe!
" O! had I met the mortal shaft
" Which laid my benefactor low!

" The bridegroom may forget the bride
" Was made his wedded wife yestreen:
" The monarch may forget the crown
" That on his head an hour has been;
" The mother may forget the child
" That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
" But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
" And a' that thou hast done for me!"

LINES

LINES

SENT TO

SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD, OF WHITEFOORD, BART.

WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy *mind's reproach*, nought earthly fear'st,
To thee this votive offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The *friend* thou valued'st, I, the *patron*, lov'd;
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
We 'll mourn 'till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

TAM O' SHANTER,

A TALE.

Of Brownyis and of Bogilis full is this Buke.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,

That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest *Tam o' Shanter*,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.)

O *Tam!* hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife *Kate*'s advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November 'till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean 'till Monday.
She prophesy'd, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in *Doon*;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By *Alloway*'s auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,

How

How mo ny lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter *Johnny*,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither!
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious;
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy,
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but *Tam* was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;

Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches *Tam* maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, *Meg*,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;

Kirk-

Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry—

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken *Charlie* brak 's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare *Mungo*'s mither hang'd hersel.—
Before him *Doon* pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing—

Inspiring bold *John Barleycorn!*
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we 'll face the devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in *Tammie*'s noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But *Maggie* stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,

She

She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, vow! *Tam* saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae *France*,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels,
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge;
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
'Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round, like open presses;
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight
Each in its cauld hand held a light—
By which heroic *Tam* was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft:

Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As *Tammie* glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
'Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now *Tam*, O *Tam!* had thae been queans
A' plump and strapping, in their teens;
Their sarks instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a cummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But *Tam* kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night inlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on *Carrick* shore;

For

For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear),
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie—
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee *Nannie*,
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how *Nannie* lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang),
And how *Tam* stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he *Maggie* rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;

As

As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So *Maggie* runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, *Tam!* Ah *Tam!* thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin!
Kate soon wil b e a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, *Meg*,
And win the key-stane* of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For *Nannie*, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble *Maggie* prest,
And flew at *Tam* wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she *Maggie*'s mettle—

Ae

* It is a well-known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor *Maggie* scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember *Tam o' Shanter*'s mare.

ON SEEING

A WOUNDED HARE

LIMP BY ME,

Which a fellow had just shot at.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek,

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy
hapless fate.

ADDRESS

ADDRESS

TO

THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between:

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade:

While

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed:

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows:

So long, sweet Poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that THOMSON was her son.

EPITAPHS.

EPITAPHS.

ON

A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE sowter **** in death does sleep;
To h-ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes:
O death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch
Into thy dark dominion!

ON WEE JOHNNY.

Hic jacet wee *Johnnie.*

Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know,
That death has murder'd Johnnie!
An' here his *body* lies fu' low——
For *saul* he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the gen'rous friend.

The

The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
"For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side."*

FOR R. A. ESQ.

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

FOR G. H. ESQ.

THE poor man weeps—here *G——n* sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd:
But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
May I be *sav'd* or *d——d!*

A BARD'S

* Goldsmith.

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave;
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below,
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious *self-control,*
Is wisdom's root.

ON

THE LATE CAPTAIN GROSE'S

Peregrinations through Scotland,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groats;
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chield's amang you, taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel—
And wow! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,*
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d safe's! colleaguin
At some black art.—

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,
Ye gipsey-gang that deal in glamor,
And you deep read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b——es.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en the—*Antiquarian trade*,
I think they call it.

He

* Vide his Antiquities of Scotland.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,*
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont guid;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
The cut of Adam's philibeg:
The knife that nicket Abel's craig
He'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gullie.—

But

* Vide his treatise on ancient armour and weapons.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Guid fellows wi' him;
And *port, O port!* shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him!

Now, by the pow'rs o' verse and prose!
Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose!—
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee.

TO

MISS CRUIKSHANKS,

A VERY YOUNG LADY.

Written on the Blank Leaf of a Book, presented to her by the Author.

Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming on thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,
Chilly shrink in sleety show'r!
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights!
Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf!
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!

May'st

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem;
'Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,
Dropping dews and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings;
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER

THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, ESQ.

Brother to a young Lady, a particular Friend of the Author's.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms:
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That nature finest strung:
So Isabella's heart was form'd
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound he gave;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

THE

THE HUMBLE PETITION

OF

*BRUAR WATER**

TO THE

NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

My Lord, I know, your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain;
Embolden'd thus, I beg you 'll hear
Your humble Slave complain,
How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer-pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

The

---

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.

The lightly-jumpin glowrin trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray;
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
I 'm scorching up so shallow,
They 're left the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet B**** came by,
That, to a bard I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry:
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Even as I was he shor'd me;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each spring and well
As Nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say 't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He 'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes.
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You 'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire;
The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir:
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow;
The robin pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow:

This too, a covert shall insure,
To shield them from the storm;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form:
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flow'rs;
Or find a shelt'ring safe retreat,
From prone descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care.
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heav'n to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain, grey;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed!
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
  Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
  Their honour'd native land!
So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
  To social-flowing glasses,
The grace be—" Athole's honest men,
  " And Athole's bonnie lasses!"

ON

SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL

IN LOCH-TURIT,

A Wild Scene among the Hills of Oughtertyre.

WHY, ye Tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below:
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels.
But man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn;

Swiftly

Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

Over the Chimney-Piece, in the Parlour of the Inn at Kenmore, Taymouth.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
'Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;
Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on its verdant side;
The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;

The

The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village, glittering in the noontide beam—

* * * * *

Poetic ardors in my bosom swell,
Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell:
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

* * * * *

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
And look through nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of fate half reconcil'd,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to sooth her bitter rankling wounds:
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * * *

WRITTEN

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

Standing by the Fall of Fyers, near Lochness.

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
'Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless echo's ear, astonish'd rends.
Dim-seen,

Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless
show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below, the horrid caldron boils—

* * * * *

ON

ON THE BIRTH

OF

A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

Born in peculiar Circumstances of Family Distress.

Sweet Flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
And Ward o' mony a pray'r,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

November hirples o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
The bitter frost and snaw.

May He, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds.

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn:
Now feebly bends she, in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscath'd by ruffian hand!
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land.

SECOND EPISTLE

TO

DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.*

AULD NIBOR,

I'M three times, doubly, o'er your debtor,
For your auld-farrent, frien'ly letter;
Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
Ye speak sae fair,
For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter
Some less maun sair.

Hale

* This is prefixed to the poems of David Sillar, published at Kilmarnock, 1789.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle;
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
Tae cheer you thro' the weary widdle
O' war'ly cares,
'Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld, gray hairs.

But DAVIE, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit;
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit;
An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
Until ye fyke;
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faiket,
Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
Rivin the words tae gar them clink;
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
Wi' jads or masons;
An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think
Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commen' me to the Bardie clan;
Except it be some idle plan
O' rhymin' clink,
The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
They ever think.

Nae

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin';
But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
An' while ought's there,
Then hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrievin',
An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme! it's aye a treasure,
My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
At hame, a-fiel', at wark or leisure,
The Muse, poor hizzie!
Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
She's seldom lazy.

Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie:
The warl' may play you monie a shavie;
But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
Tho' e'er sae puir,
Na, even tho' limpin wi' the spavie
Frae door tae door.

A VISION.

A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot alang the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
*Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The

* *Variation.* To join yon river on the Strath.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

*By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And, by the moon-beam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy—Libertie!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear;

He

* *Variation.* Now looking over firth and fauld,
Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd;
When, lo, in form of minstrel auld,
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.

He sang wi' joy the former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.*

---

* This poem, an imperfect copy of which was printed in Johnson's Museum, is here given from the poet's MS. with his last corrections. The scenery, so finely described, is taken from nature. The poet is supposed to be musing by night on the banks of the river Cluden, or Clouden, and by the ruins of Lincluden-Abbey, founded in the twelfth century, in the reign of Malcolm IV., of whose present situation the reader may find some account in Pennant's tour in Scotland, or Grose's Antiquities of that division of the island. Such a time and such a place are well fitted for holding converse with aerial beings. Though this poem has a political bias, yet it may be presumed that no reader of taste, whatever his opinions may be, would forgive its being omitted. Our poet's prudence suppressed the song of *Libertie,* perhaps fortunately for his reputation. It may be questioned whether, even in the resources of his genius, a strain of poetry could have been found worthy of the grandeur and solemnity of this preparation. E.

Copy of a Poetical Address to Mr. William Tytler, with the Present of the Bard's Picture.

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected,
A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despised and neglected:

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers, that name have rever'd on a throne;
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still

Still in prayers for K— G— I most heartily
join,
The Q—, and the rest of the gentry,
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of
mine;
Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of that epocha make such a fuss,
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

But loyalty truce! we're on dangerous ground,
Who knows how the fashions may alter?
The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care;
But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your
eye,
And ushers the long dreary night;
But you like the star that athwart glides the
sky,
Your course to the latest is bright.

My muse jilted me here, and turned a corner on me, and I have not got again into her good graces. Do me the justice to believe me sincere in my grateful remembrance of the many civilities you have honoured me with since I came to Edinburgh, and in assuring you that I have the honour to be

Reverend Sir,

Your obliged and very humble Servant,

R. BURNS.

Edinburgh, 1787.

The following Poem was written to a Gentleman who had sent him a News-paper, and offered to continue it free of expense.

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
And faith, to me, 'twas really new!
How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
To ken what French mischief was brewin;
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin;
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off;
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the twalt:
If Denmark, any body spak o't;
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin;
How libbet Italy was singin;
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were sayin or takin aught amiss:
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's court kept up the game:

How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin,
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin,
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin;
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera girls;
If that daft buckie, Geordie W***s,
Was threshin still at hizzies' tails;
Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
And no a perfect kintra cooser.
A' this and mair I never heard of;
And but for you I might despair'd of.
So gratefu', back your news I send you,
And pray, a' guid things may attend you!

Ellisland, Monday Morning, 1790.

POEM

*ON PASTORAL POETRY.**

HAIL Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd!
In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd
Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd
'Mang heaps o' clavers;
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,
Mid a' thy favors!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud, the trump's heroic clang,
And sock or buskin skelp alang
To death or marriage;
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage?

In

* This poem was found by Dr. Currie among Burns's papers, and in his handwriting; but there is some doubt of its being his. G. B.

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives;
Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives
Horatian fame;
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters:
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace;
And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share
A rival place?

Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan!
There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
A chiel sae clever;
The teeth o' time may gnaw Tamtallan,
But thou 's for ever.

Thou paints auld nature to the nines,*
In thy sweet Caledonian lines;
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel;
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin love;
That charm that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.

SKETCH.

---

* *To the nines*—exactly. E.

SKETCH.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

To Mrs. DUNLOP.

This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again:
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer;
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds:

Coila's

And blooming Keith 's engaged with Gi
From housewife cares a minute borrow-
—That grandchild's cap will do to-morr
And join with me a moralizing,
This day 's propitious to be wise in.
First, what did yesternight deliver?
" Another year is gone for ever."
And what is this day's strong suggestion
" The passing moment 's all we rest on!
Rest on—for what? what do we here?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust.
Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!
The voice of nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies:
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight:
That future life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone;

W

---

* This young lady was drawing a picture of Co
the Vision, p. 99.

Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as misery's woeful night—
Since then, my honor'd, first of friends,
On this poor being all depends;
Let us th' important *now* employ,
And live as those who never die.
Tho' you, with days and honors crown'd,
Witness that filial circle round,
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
A sight pale envy to convulse)
Others now claim your chief regard;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

EXTEMPORE,

EXTEMPORE

ON THE LATE MR. WM. SMELLIE,

Author of the Philosophy of Natural History, and Member of the Antiquarian and Royal Societies of Edinburgh.

To Crochallan came*
The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same;
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving night;
His uncomb'd grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd
A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd:
Yet tho' his caustic wit was biting, rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

* Mr. Smellie, and our poet, were both members of a club in Edinburgh, under the name of Crochallan Fencibles. E.

POETICAL

POETICAL INSCRIPTION

FOR

AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE,

At Kerroughtry, the Seat of Mr. Heron.

[Written in Summer, 1795.]

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd;
Prepar'd Pow'r's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave:
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

SONNET,

SONNET,

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ. OF GLEN RIDDEL.

April, 1794.

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,
Nor pour your descant, grating, on my soul:
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend:
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies.*

Yes,

* Robert Riddel, Esq. of Friar's Carse, a very worthy character, and one to whom our bard thought himself under many obligations. It is a curious circumstance, that the *two concluding lines* express a sentiment exactly similar to one of the most beautiful passages in the "Pastor Fido," from the 7th to the 10th line of the Monologue, at the opening of the 3d Act; yet Burns had no acquaintance with Guarini's work. Feeling dictates to genius in all ages, and all countries, and her language must be often the same. E.

We'll search through the garden for each silly
flower,
We'll roam through the forest for each idle
weed;
But chiefly the nettle so typical, shower,
For none e'er approached her but rued the
rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the
lay;
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre;
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from
his ire.

. . . . . .

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

Answer to a Mandate sent by the Surveyor of the Windows, Carriages, &c. to each Farmer, ordering him to send a signed List of his Horses, Servants, Wheel-Carriages, &c. and whether he was a married Man or a Bachelor, and what Children they had.

SIR, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list,
My horses, servants, carts, and graith,
To which I'm free to tak my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew before a pettle,
My *hand-afore*,* a guid auld has-been,
And wight and wilfu' a' his days seen;

* The fore-horse on the left hand, in the plough.

My *hand-a hin*,* a guid brown filly,
Wha aft has borne me safe frae Killie;†
And your auld borough mony a time,
In days when riding was nae crime:
My *fur-a-hin*,‡ a guid, gray beast,
As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd:
The fourth, a Highland Donald hasty,
A d-mn'd red-wud, Kilburnie blastie.
For-by a cowte, of cowtes the wale,
As ever ran before a tail;
An' he be spar'd to be a beast,
He'll draw me fifteen pund at least.

Wheel carriages I hae but few,
Three carts, and twa are feckly new;
An auld wheel-barrow, mair for token,
Ae leg and baith the trams are broken;
I made a poker o' the spindle,
And my auld mither brunt the trundle.
For men, I've three mischievous boys,
Run-deils for rantin and for noise;
A gadsman ane, a thresher tother,
Wee Davoc hauds the nowte in fother.

I rule

* The hindmost on the left-hand, in the plough.
† Kilmarnock.
‡ The same on the right hand, in the plough.

I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
And often labour them compleatly;
And ay on Sundays duly nightly,
I on the questions tairge them tightly,
'Till faith wee Davoc's grown sae gleg,
(Tho' scarcely langer than my leg)
He'll screed you off *effectual calling*,
As fast as ony in the dwalling.

I've nane in female servant station,
Lord keep me ay frae a' temptation!
I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is,
And ye hae laid nae tax on misses;
For weans I'm mair than weel contented,
Heaven sent me ane mair than I wanted;
My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
She stares the daddie in her face,
Enough of ought ye like but grace.
But her, my bonny, sweet, wee lady,
I've said enough for her already,
And if ye tax her or her mither,
By the L—d ye'se get them a' thegither!

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
Nae kind of licence out I'm taking.
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;

I've sturdy stumps, the Lord be thanked!
And a' my gates on foot I'll shank it.

This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,
The day and date as under noted;
Then know all ye whom it concerns
Subscripsi huic

ROBERT BURNS.

IMPROMPTU

IMPROMPTU,

On Mrs. ——'s Birth Day, 4th Nov. 1793.

Old Winter with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferred;
What have I done of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow:
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English hanging, drowning.

Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Spring, summer, autumn, cannot match me;
'Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoic'd in glory.

TO

TO A YOUNG LADY,

MISS JESSY LEWARS, DUMFRIES;

With Books which the Bard presented her.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the poet's prayer;
That fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindliest, best presage,
Of future bliss enrol thy name:
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare;
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward;
So prays thy faithful friend, *the Bard.*

SONNET,

SONNET,

Written on the 25th January, 1793, the Birth-day of the Author, on hearing a Thrush sing in a Morning Walk.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care
The mite high heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.

EXTEMPORE.

EXTEMPORE.

To Mr. S**E,

On refusing to dine with him, after having been promised the first of Company and the first of Cookery, 17th December, 1795.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cook'ry the first in the nation:
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

. . . . . .

To Mr. S**E,

With a present of a dozen of Porter.

O had the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit;
'Twere drink for first of human kind,
A gift that e'en for S**e were fit.

Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries,

POEM,

POEM,

Addressed to Mr. Mitchell, Collector of Excise, Dumfries, 1796.

FRIEND of the Poet tried and leal,
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alake, alake, the meikle deil
Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel,
In my poor pouches.

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That *one pound one,* I sairly want it:
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind;
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted
I'd bear't in mind.

So

So may the auld year gang out moaning
To see the new come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
To thee and thine;
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell death was nearly nicket:
Grim loon! he gat me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk;
But by guid luck I lap a wicket.
And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promised mair o't,
My hale and weel I'll tak a care o't
A tentier way:
Then farewell, folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and aye.

Sent to a Gentleman whom he had offended.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send;
(Not moony madness more astray)
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
Ah! why should I such scenes outlive!
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

POEM

POEM ON LIFE,

ADDRESSED TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER, DUMFRIES, 1796.

My honored colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the Poet's weal:
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld were it,
Would pain and care, and sickness spare it;
And fortune favor worth and merit,
As they deserve:
(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret;
Syne wha wad starve?)

Dame

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her;
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her still,
Ay wavering like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches, like baudrons by a rattan,
Our sinfu' saul to get a claute on
Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on,
He's off like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
First shewing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft;
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
O' hell's damned waft.

Poor man the flie, aft bizzes bye,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy,
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure.

Soon

Soon heels o'er gowdie! in he gangs,
And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle,
As dangling in the wind, he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this draunting drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen:
The Lord preserve us frae the devil
Amen! amen!

ADDRESS

TO

THE TOOTH-ACHE.

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang;
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes;
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Ay mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup;
While raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.

O' a'

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
I'll har'sts, daft bargains, *cutty-stools*,
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, TOOTH-ACHE, surely bear'st the bell
Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of *discord* squeel,
'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick;—
Gie a' the faes o' SCOTLAND'S weal
A towmond's Tooth-Ache!

TO

ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.

OF FINTRA,

ON RECEIVING A FAVOR.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns;
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
And all ye many sparkling stars of night;
If aught that giver from my mind efface;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years!

EPITAPH

ON

A FRIEND.

AN honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with his Image blest,
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and guide of youth:
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

A GRACE

A

GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
For all thy goodness lent:
And, if it please thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But whether granted, or denied,
Lord bless us with content!

Amen!

TO

MY DEAR AND MUCH HONOURED FRIEND,

MRS. DUNLOP, *of DUNLOP.*

ON SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell:
But distress with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray:
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys:
Hapless bird! a prey the surest,
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly

Dearly bought, the hidden treasure,
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

A Verse composed and repeated by BURNS *to the Master of the House, on taking leave at a Place in the Highlands, where he had been hospitably entertained.*

WHEN death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come;
In Heaven itself, I'll ask no more,
Than just a Highland welcome.

THE TOAST.

(Written with a diamond Pencil on a Glass Tumbler, and presented to Miss JESSY LEWARS, now Mrs. THOMSON, Dumfries, a deservedly great favourite of the Poet's, and a kind and soothing friend to Mrs. BURNS at the time of his death.)

FILL me with the rosy wine,
Call a toast—a toast divine;
Give the Poet's darling flame,
Lovely Jessy be the name;
Then thou mayest freely boast,
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

The same Lady, complaining of some slight indisposition, BURNS told her he should take care to have an Epitaph ready for her in case of the worst, which he likewise wrote on a Glass Tumbler, to make a pair with the other, as follows:

Epitaph on Miss Jessy Lewars.

SAY, sages, what 's the charm on earth,
Can turn Death's dart aside:
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died.

R. B.

On her Recovery.

BUT rarely seen since Nature's birth,
The natives of the sky,
Yet still one Seraph 's left on earth,
For Jessy did not die.

R. B.

About the end of May, 1796, Mr. BROWN, (an unmarried man,) the Surgeon who attended BURNS in his last illness, happened to call on him at the same time with Miss JESSY LEWARS. In the course of conversation, Mr. BROWN mentioned, that he had been to see a Collection of wild Beasts just arrived in Dumfries. By way of aiding his Description, he took the Advertisement (containing a List of the Animals to be exhibited) from his pocket. As he was about to hand it to Miss LEWARS, the Poet took it out of his hand, and with some red ink standing beside him, wrote on the back of the Advertisement the following Lines, exclaiming as he returned it to Mr. BROWN, that now it was fit to be presented to the Lady.

This Advertisement, with the red Lines on the back, is still in the possession of the Lady, preserved as a precious Relique.

TALK not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun,
No savage e'er could rend my heart
As, Jessy, thou hast done.

But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not even to view the heavenly choir,
Would be so blest a sight.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH

For Mr. GABRIEL RICHARDSON, *Brewer, Dumfries; (but who, much to the Satisfaction of his Friends, has not yet needed one,* 1819).

HERE Brewer Gabriel's fire 's extinct,
And empty all his barrels:
He 's blest—if, as he brew'd, he drink
In upright honest morals.

LINES

LINES

Written on the back of a Bank-Note, which came in the ordinary course of Circulation into the hands of Mr. J. F. Gracie, Dumfries. The Lines are evidentl y inBurns's hand-writing.

Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,
Fell source o' a' my woe and grief;
For lack o' thee I've lost my lass,
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass.
I see the children of affliction
Unaided, through thy cursed restriction.
I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile
Amid his hapless victim's spoil:
And for thy potence vainly wished,
To crush the villain in the dust.
For lack o' thee, I leave this much lov'd shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

R. B.

Kyle.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

It may gratify curiosity to know some particulars of the history of the preceding Poems, on which the celebrity of our Bard has been hitherto founded; and with this view the following extract is made from a letter of Gilbert Burns, the brother of our Poet, and his friend and confidant from his earliest years.

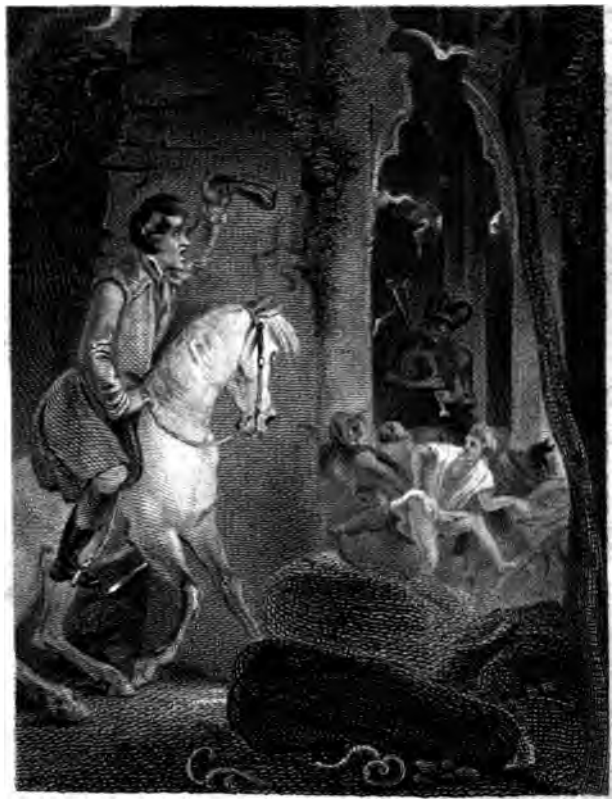
Mossgiel, 2nd April, 1798.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter of the 14th of March I received in due course, but, from the hurry of the season have been hitherto hindered from answering it. I will now try to give you what satisfaction I can in regard to the particulars you mention. I cannot pretend to be very accurate in respect to the dates of the poems, but

but none of them, except *Winter, a Dirge,* (which was a juvenile production) *The Death and Dying Words of poor Maillie,* and some of the songs, were composed before the year 1784. The circumstances of the poor sheep were pretty much as he has described them. He had, partly by way of frolic, bought a ewe and two lambs from a neighbour, and she was tethered in a field adjoining the house at Lochlie. He and I were going out, with our teams, and our two younger brothers to drive for us, at mid-day; when Hugh Wilson, a curious looking awkward boy, clad in plaiding, came to us with much anxiety in his face, with the information that the ewe had entangled herself in the tether, and was lying in the ditch. Robert was much tickled with *Huoc*'s appearance and postures on the occasion. Poor Maillie was set to rights, and when we returned from the plough in the evening, he repeated to me her *Death and Dying Words* pretty much in the way they now stand.

Among the earliest of his poems was the *Epistle to Davie.* Robert often composed without any regular plan. When any thing made a strong impression on his mind, so as to rouse it to poetic exertion, he would give way to the impulse, and embody the thought in rhyme. If he hit on two or three stanzas to please



Drawn by T. Stothard R.A. Vol. 3 page 332 Engraved by R.H. Cromek.

AND BOARS OUT "WELL DONE, CUTTY-SARK."

PUBLISHED JAN. 1854, BY T. CADELL & W. DAVIES, STRAND, LONDON.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

please him, he would then think of proper introductory, connecting, and concluding stanzas; hence, the middle of a poem was often first produced. It was, I think, in summer, 1784, when in the interval of harder labour, he and I were weeding in the garden, (kail-yard) that he repeated to me the principal part of this epistle. I believe the first idea of Robert's becoming an author was started on this occasion. I was much pleased with the epistle, and said to him, I was of opinion it would bear being printed, and that it would be well received by people of taste; that I thought it at least equal, if not superior, to many of Allan Ramsay's epistles, and that the merit of these, and much other Scotch poetry, seemed to consist principally in the knack of the expression, but here, there was a strain of interesting sentiment, and the Scotticism of the language scarcely seemed affected, but appeared to be the natural language of the poet; that besides there was certainly some novelty in a poet pointing out the consolations that were in store for him when he should go a begging. Robert seemed very well pleased with my criticism, and we talked of sending it to some Magazine, but as this plan afforded no opportunity of knowing how it would take, the idea was dropped.

It was, I think, in the winter following, as we were going together with carts for coal to the family fire (and I could yet point out the particular spot) that the author first repeated to me the *Address to the Deil.* The curious idea of such an address was suggested to him by running over in his mind, the many ludicrous accounts and representations we have from various quarters of this august personage. *Death and Doctor Hornbook*, though not published in the Kilmarnock edition, was produced early in the year 1785. The schoolmaster of Tarbolton parish, to eke up the scanty subsistence allowed to that useful class of men, had set up a shop of grocery goods. Having accidentally fallen in with some medical books, and become most hobby-horsically attached to the study of medicine, he had added the sale of a few medicines to his little trade. He had got a shop-bill printed, at the bottom of which, overlooking his own incapacity, he had advertised, that "advice would be given in common disorders "at the shop gratis." Robert was at a mason-meeting in Tarbolton, when the *Dominie* unfortunately made too ostentatious a display of his medical skill. As he parted in the evening from this mixture of pedantry and physic, at the place where he describes his meeting with Death, one of those floating ideas of apparition

parition he mentions in his letter to Dr. Moore, crossed his mind; this set him to work for the rest of the way home. These circumstances he related when he repeated the verses to me next afternoon, as I was holding the plough, and he was letting the water off the field beside me. The *Epistle to John Lapraik* was produced exactly on the occasion described by the author. He says in that poem, *On fasten-e'en we had a rockin*, (p. 236.) I believe he has omitted the word *rocking* in the glossary. It is a term derived from those primitive times, when the countrywomen employed their spare hours in spinning on the rock, or distaff. This simple implement is a very portable one, and well fitted to the social inclination of meeting in a neighbour's house; hence the phrase of *going a rocking*, or *with the rock*. As the connexion the phrase had with the implement was forgotten when the rock gave place to the spinning-wheel, the phrase came to be used by both sexes on social occasions, and men talk of going with their rocks as well as women.

It was at one of these *rockings* at our house, when we had twelve or fifteen young people with their *rocks*, that Lapraik's song, beginning—"When I upon thy bosom lean," was sung, and we were informed who was the author. Upon this, Robert wrote his first epistle to Lap-

raik, and his second in reply to his answer. The verses to the *Mouse* and *Mountain Daisy* were composed on the occasions mentioned, and while the author was holding the plough; I could point out the particular spot where each was composed. Holding the plough was a favorite situation with Robert for poetic compositions, and some of his best verses were produced while he was at that exercise. Several of the poems were produced for the purpose of bringing forward some favourite sentiment of the author. He used to remark to me, that he could not well conceive a more mortifying picture of human life, than a man seeking work. In casting about in his mind how this sentiment might be brought forward, the elegy *Man was made to Mourn*, was composed. Robert had frequently remarked to me that he thought that there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, "Let us worship God," used by a decent sober head of a family introducing family worship. To this sentiment of the author the world is indebted for the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. The hint of the plan, and title of the poem, were taken from Fergusson's *Farmer's Ingle*. When Robert had not some pleasure in view in which I was not thought fit to participate, we used frequently to walk together when the weather was favourable, on the Sunday afternoons, (those precious

cious breathing-times to the labouring part of the community) and enjoyed such Sundays as would make one regret to see their number abridged.* It was in one of these walks that I first had the pleasure of hearing the author repeat the *Cotter's Saturday Night.* I do not recollect to have read or heard any thing by which I was more highly *electrified.* The fifth and sixth stanzas, and the eighteenth, thrilled with peculiar extasy through my soul. I mention this to you, that you may see what hit the taste of unlettered criticism. I should be glad to know, if the enlightened mind and refined taste of Mr. Roscoe, who has borne such honorable testimony to this poem, agrees with me in the selection. Fergusson, in his *Hallow Fair* of Edinburgh, I believe, likewise furnished a hint of the title and plan of the *Holy Fair.* The farcical scene the poet there describes was often a favorite field of his observation, and the most of the incidents he mentions had actually passed before his eyes. It is scarcely necessary to mention, that the *Lament* was composed on that unfortunate passage in his matrimonial history, which I have mentioned in my letter to Mrs. Dunlop, after the first distraction

* The above was written in reference to the Decads of revolutionary France. G. B.

traction of his feelings had a little subsided. *The Tale of Twa Dogs* was composed after the resolution of publishing was nearly taken. Robert had had a dog, which he called *Luath*, that was a great favorite. The dog had been killed by the wanton cruelty of some person the night before my father's death. Robert said to me, that he should like to confer such immortality as he could bestow upon his old friend *Luath*, and that he had a great mind to introduce something into the book under the title of *Stanzas to the Memory of a quadruped Friend;* but this plan was given up for the *Tale* as it now stands. *Cæsar* was merely the creature of the poet's imagination, created for the purpose of holding chat with his favorite *Luath*. The first time Robert heard the spinnet played upon, was at the house of Dr. Lawrie, then minister of the parish of Loudon, now in Glasgow, having given up the parish in favour of his son. Dr. Lawrie has several daughters, one of them played; the father and mother led down the dance; the rest of the sisters, the brother, the poet, and the other guests, mixed in it. It was a delightful family scene for our poet, then lately introduced to the world. His mind was roused to a poetic enthusiasm, and the stanzas, p. 193, were left in the room where he slept. It was to Dr. Lawrie that Dr. Blacklock's letter was addressed, which my brother

brother, in his letter to Dr. Moore, mentions as the reason of his going to Edinburgh.

When my father *feued* his little property near Alloway-Kirk, the wall of the churchyard had gone to ruin, and cattle had free liberty of pasturing in it. My father, with two or three other neighbours, joined in an application to the town council of Ayr, who were superiors of the adjoining land, for liberty to rebuild it, and raised by subscription a sum for inclosing this ancient cemetery with a wall; hence he came to consider it as his burial place, and we learned that reverence for it, people generally have for the burial place of their ancestors. My brother was living in Ellisland, when Captain Grose, on his peregrinations through Scotland, staid some time at Carse-house, in the neighbourhood, with Captain Robert Riddel, of Glen-Riddel, a particular friend of my brother's. The Antiquarian and the Poet were "Unco pack and thick thegither." Robert requested of Captain Grose, when he should come to Ayrshire, that he would make a drawing of Alloway-Kirk, as it was the burial place of his father, and where he himself had a sort of claim to lay down his bones, when they should be no longer serviceable to him; and added, by way of encouragement, that it was the scene of many a good story of witches and apparitions,

apparitions, of which he knew the Captain was very fond. The Captain agreed to the request, provided the poet would furnish a witch-story to be printed along with it. *Tam o' Shanter* was produced on this occasion, and was first published in *Grose's Antiquities of Scotland.*

This poem is founded on a traditional story. The leading circumstances of a man riding home very late from Ayr, in a stormy night, his seeing a light in Alloway-Kirk, his having the curiosity to look in, his seeing a dance of witches, with the devil playing on the bag-pipe to them, the scanty covering of one of the witches, which made him so far forget himself as to cry—*Weel louped, short sark!*—with the melancholy catastrophe of the piece; is all a true story, that can be well attested by many respectable old people in that neighbourhood.

I do not at present recollect any circumstances respecting the other poems, that could be at all interesting; even some of those I have mentioned, I am afraid, may appear trifling enough, but you will only make use of what appears to you of consequence.

The following Poems in the first Edinburgh edition, were not in that published in Kilmarnock.

nock. *Death and Dr. Hornbook; The Brigs of Ayr; The Calf;* (the poet had been with Mr. Gavin Hamilton in the morning, who said jocularly to him when he was going to church, in allusion to the injunction of some parents to their children, that he must be sure to bring him a note of the sermon at mid-day; this address to the Reverend Gentleman on his text was accordingly produced.) *The Ordination; The Address to the Unco Guid; Tam Samson's Elegy; A Winter Night; Stanzas on the same occasion as the preceding Prayer; Verses left at a Reverend Friend's house; The first Psalm; Prayer under the pressure of violent Anguish; The first six Verses of the ninetieth Psalm; Verses to Miss Logan with Beattie's Poems; To a Haggis; Address to Edinburgh; John Barleycorn; When Guilford Guid; Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows; Green grow the Rashes; Again rejoicing Nature sees; The gloomy Night; No Churchman am I.*

If you have never seen the first edition, it will, perhaps, not be amiss to transcribe the Preface, that you may see the manner in which the poet made his first awe-struck approach to the bar of public judgment.

Preface

Preface to the first edition of Burns's Poems, published at Kilmarnock.

" The following Trifles are not the produc-
" tion of the poet, who, with all the advan-
" tages of learned art, and, perhaps, amid the
" elegancies and idlenesses of upper life, looks
" down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theo-
" critus or Virgil. To the author of this, these
" and other celebrated names, their country-
" men, are, at least in their original language,
" *A fountain shut up, and a book sealed.* Un-
" acquainted with the necessary requisites for
" commencing poet by rule, he sings the senti-
" ments and manners, he felt and saw in himself
" and his rustic compeers around him, in his
" and their native language. Though a rhymer
" from his earliest years, at least, from the ear-
" liest impulses of the softer passions, it was not
" till very lately, that the applause, perhaps
" the partiality, of friendship, wakened his va-
" nity so far as to make him think any thing of
" his worth showing; and none of the following
" works were composed with a view to the press.
" To amuse himself with the little creations of
" his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues of a
" laborious life; to transcribe the various feel-
" ings,

" ings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears,
" in his own breast; to find some kind of coun-
" terpoise to the struggles of a world, always
" an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical
" mind—these were his motives for courting
" the muses, and in these he found poetry to
" be its own reward.

" Now that he appears in the public charac-
" ter of an author, he does it with fear and
" trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming
" tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless
" Bard, shrinks aghast at the thought of being
" branded as—An impertinent blockhead, ob-
" truding his nonsense on the world; and,
" because he can make a shift to jingle a few
" doggerel Scotch rhymes together, looking
" upon himself as a poet of no small conse-
" quence forsooth!

" It is an observation of that celebrated
" poet, Shenstone, whose divine elegies do ho-
" nour to our language, our nation, and our
" species, that 'Humility has depressed many
" a genius to a hermit, but never raised one
" to fame!' If any critic catches at the word
" *genius*, the author tells him, once for all,
" that he certainly looks upon himself as pos-
" sest of some poetic abilities, otherwise his
" publishing

" publishing in the manner he has done, would " be a manœuvre below the worst character, " which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever " give him. But to the genius of a Ramsay, " or the glorious dawnings of the poor unfor- " tunate Fergusson, he, with equal unaffected " sincerity, declares, that, even in his highest " pulse of vanity, he has not the most dis- " tant pretensions. These two justly admired " Scotch poets he has often had in his eye in " the following pieces; but rather with a view " to kindle at their flame than for servile imi- " tation.

" To his subscribers, the Author returns his " most sincere thanks. Not the mercenary " bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing " gratitude of the bard, conscious how much " he owes to benevolence and friendship, for " gratifying him, if he deserve it, in that " dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be " distinguished. He begs his readers, parti- " cularly the learned and the polite, who may " honour him with a perusal, that they will " make every allowance for education and cir- " cumstances of life; but, if after a fair, candid, " and impartial criticism, he shall stand con- " victed of dulness and nonsense, let him be " done by as he would in that case do by

" others

" others—let him be condemned without mercy,
" to contempt and oblivion."

* * * * * * *

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient, humble Servant,

GILBERT BURNS.

DR. CURRIE,
Liverpool.

To this history of the Poems which are contained in this volume, it may be added, that our Author appears to have made little alteration in them after their original composition, except in some few instances where considerable additions have been introduced. After he had attracted the notice of the public by his first edition, various criticisms were offered him on the peculiarities of his style, as well as of his sentiments, and some of these, which remain among his manuscripts, are by persons of great taste and judgment. Some few of these criticisms he adopted, but the far greater part he rejected; and, though something has by this means

means been lost in point of delicacy and correctness, yet a deeper impression is left of the strength and originality of his genius. The firmness of our poet's character, arising from a just confidence in his own powers, may, in part, explain his tenaciousness of his peculiar expressions; but it may be in some degree accounted for, also, by the circumstances under which the poems were composed. Burns did not, like men of genius born under happier auspices, retire, in the moment of inspiration, to the silence and solitude of his study, and commit his verses to paper as they arranged themselves in his mind. Fortune did not afford him this indulgence. It was during the toils of daily labour that his fancy exerted itself; the muse, as he himself informs us, found him at the plough. In this situation, it was necessary to fix his verses on his memory, and it was often many days, nay weeks, after a poem was finished, before it was written down.* During all this time, by frequent repetition, the association between the thought and the expression

* So much had this practice improved a memory more than ordinarily retentive by nature, that, to the latest period of his living in family with me, he could, on a few minutes' recollection, have repeated every poem of any consequence he had made. G. B.

expression was confirmed, and the impartiality of taste with which written language is reviewed and retouched after it has faded on the memory, could not in such instances be exerted. The original manuscripts of many of his poems are preserved, and they differ in nothing material from the last printed edition. Some few variations may be noticed.

1. In *The Author's earnest Cry and Prayer*, after the stanza, p. 23, beginning

Erskine, a spunkie Norland Billie,

there appears, in his book of manuscripts, the following;

Thee Sodger Hugh, my watchman stented,
If Bardies e'er are represented;
I ken if that your sword were wanted
Ye'd lend your hand,
But when there's ought to say anent it,
Ye're at a stand.

Sodger Hugh is evidently the present earl of Eglintoun, then colonel Montgomery of Coilsfield, and representing in parliament the county of Ayr. Why this was left out in printing does not appear. The noble earl will not be sorry

sorry to see this notice of him, familiar though it be, by a bard, whose genius he admired, and whose fate he lamented.

2. In *The Address to the Deil*, the second stanza, in page 74, ran originally thus;

Lang syne in Eden's happy scene,
When strappin' Adam's days were green,
And Eve was like my bonnie Jean,
My dearest part,
A dancin, sweet, young, handsome quean,
Wi' guiltless heart.

3. In *The Elegy on poor Maillie*, p. 81, the stanza, beginning

She was nae get o' moorland tips,

was, at first, as follows:

She was nae get o' runted rams,
Wi' woo' like goats, and legs like trams,
She was the flower o' Fairlee lambs,
A famous breed.
Now Robin, greetin, chows the hams
O' Maillie dead.

It were a pity that the Fairlee lambs should lose the honour once intended them.

4. But

4. But the chief variations are found in the poems introduced, for the first time, in the edition in two volumes small octavo, published in 1792. Of the poem *written in Friar's-Carse Hermitage*, there are several editions, and one of these* has nothing in common with the printed poem but the four first lines. The poem that is published, which was his second effort on the subject, received considerable alterations in printing.

Instead of the six lines beginning

Say man's true genuine estimate,

in manuscript the following are inserted,

Say the criterion of their fate,
Th' important query of their state,
Is not, art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Wert thou cottager, or king?
Prince, or peasant? no such thing.

5. The *Epistle to R. G. of F. Esq.* that is, to *R. Graham of Fintra, Esq.* also underwent considerable

* This is given in the Correspondence.

siderable alterations, as may be collected from the volume of correspondence. This style of poetry was new to our poet, and, though he was fitted to excel in it, it cost him more trouble than his Scottish poetry. On the contrary, *Tam o' Shanter* seems to have issued perfect from the author's brain. The only considerable alteration made on reflection, is the omission of four lines, which had been inserted after the poem was finished, at the end of the dreadful catalogue of the articles found on the "haly table," and which appeared in the first edition of the poem, printed separately. They came after the second line, page 295,

Which even to name would be unlawfu',

and are as follows,

Three lawyers' tongues turned inside out,
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout,
And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay stinking vile in every neuk.

These lines, which, independent of other objections, interrupt and destroy the emotions of terror which the preceding description had excited, were very properly left out of the printed collection, by the advice of Mr. Frazer Tytler; to

to which Burns seems to have paid much deference.*

6. The *Address to the Shade of Thomson*, page 301, began in the first manuscript copy in the following manner,

While cold-eyed Spring, a virgin coy,
  Unfolds her verdant mantle sweet,
Or pranks the sod in frolic joy,
  A carpet for her youthful feet:
While Summer, with a matron's grace,
  Walks stately in the cooling shade,
And, oft delighted, loves to trace
  The progress of the spiky blade:
While Autumn, benefactor kind,
  With age's hoary honours clad,
Surveys with self-approving mind,
  Each creature on his bounty fed, &c.

By the alteration in the printed poem, it may be questioned whether the poetry is much improved; the poet however has found means to

 introduce

* These four lines have been inadvertently replaced in the copy of *Tam o' Shanter*, published in the first volume of the "Poetry Original and Selected," of Brash and Reid, of Glasgow; and to this circumstance is owing their being noticed here. As our poet deliberately rejected them, it is hoped that no future printer will insert them.

introduce the shades of Dryburgh, the residence of the Earl of Buchan, at whose request these verses were written.

These observations might be extended, but what are already offered will satisfy curiosity, and there is nothing of any importance that could be added.

GLOSSARY.

GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey* sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A.

A', All.
Aback, away, aloof.
Abeigh, at a shy distance.
Aboon, above, up.
Abread, abroad, in sight.
Abreed, in breadth.
Ae, one.
Aff, off; *Aff loof*, unpremeditated.
Afore, before.
Aft, oft.
Aften, often.
Agley, off the right line, wrong.
Aiblins, perhaps.
Ain, own.
Airn, iron.
Aith, an oath.
Aits, oats.
Aiver, an old horse.
Aizle, a hot cinder,

Alak

Alake, alas!
Alane, alone.
Akwart, awkward.
Amaist, almost.
Amang, among.
An', and if.
Ance, once.
Ane, one, and.
Anent, over against.
Anither, another.
Ase, ashes.
Asteer, abroad, stirring.
Aught, possession; as, *in a' my aught*, in all my possession.
Auld, old.
Auldfarran, or *auld-farrant*, sagacious, cunning, prudent.
Aus, at all.
Awa', away.
Awfu', awful.
Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c.
Awnie, bearded.
Ayont, beyond.

B.

Ba', ball.
Backets, ash boards.
Backlins, comin', coming back, returning.
Bad, did bid.
Baide, endured, did stay.
Baggie, the belly.
Bainie, having large bones, stout.
Bairn, a child.
Bairntime, a family of children, a brood.
Baith, both.
Ban, to swear.
Bane, bone.
Bang, to beat, to strive.
Bardie, diminutive of bard.
Barefit, barefooted.
Barmie, of, or like barm.
Batch, a crew, a gang.
Batts, botts.
Baudrons, a cat.
Bauld, bold.
Bawsin't, having a white stripe down the face.
Be, to let be, to give over, to cease.
Bear, barley.
Beastie, diminutive of beast.
Beet, to add fuel to fire.
Belyve, by and by.
Ben, into the spence or parlour.
Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire.
Bethankit, grace after meat.
Beuk, a book.
Bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a short race.
Bie, or *Bield*, shelter.
Bien, wealthy, plentiful.
Big, to build.
Biggin, building, a house.
Biggit, built.
Bill, a bull.
Billie, a brother, a young fellow.
Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
Birk, birch.
Birkie, a clever fellow, a forward, conceited fellow.
Birring, the noise of partridges, &c. when they spring.
Bit, crisis, nick of time.
Bizz, a bustle, to buzz.
Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt.
Blastit, blasted.
Blate, bashful, sheepish.
Blather, bladder.

Blaud,

Blaud, a flat piece of any thing, to slap.
Blaw, to blow, to boast.
Bleezing, blazing.
Blellum, idle talking fellow.
Blether, to talk idly, nonsense.
Bleth'rin, talking idly.
Blink, a little while, a smiling look, to look kindly, to shine by fits.
Blinker, a term of contempt.
Blinkin, smirking.
Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually on the king's birth-day a blue cloak or gown, with a badge.
Bluid, blood.
Blype, a shred, a large piece.
Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently.
Bocked, gushed, vomited.
Bodle, a small gold coin.
Bonnie, or *bonny*, handsome, beautiful.
Bonnock, a kind of thick cake of bread, a small jannock or loaf made of oatmeal.
Boord, a board.
Bore, a hole in a wall.
Boortree, the shrub elder; planted much of old in hedges of barn-yards, &c.
Boost, behoved, must needs.
Botch, an angry tumour.
Bousing, drinking.
Bow-kail, cabbage.
Bowt, bended, crooked.
Brachens, fern.
Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill.
Braid, broad.
Braik, a kind of harrow.
Brainge, to run rashly forward.
Braing't, reeled forward.
Brak, broke, made insolvent.
Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses.
Brash, a sudden illness.
Brats, coarse clothes, rags, &c.
Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury.
Braw, fine, handsome.
Brawlyt, or *brawlie*, very well, finely, heartily.
Braxie, a morbid sheep.
Breastie, dimin. of breast.
Breastit, did spring up or forward.
Breef, an invulnerable, or irresistible spell.
Breeks, breeches.
Brewin, brewing.
Brie, juice, liquid.
Brig, a bridge.
Brunstane, brimstone.
Brisket, the breast, the bosom.
Brither, a brother.
Brock, a badger.
Brogue, a hum, a trick.
Broo, broth, liquid, water.
Broose, broth, a race at country weddings, who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church.
Brugh, a burgh.
Bruilzie, a broil, a combustion.
Brunt, did burn, burnt.
Brust, to burst, burst.
Buchan-bullers, the boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan.
Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia.
Buirdly, stout made, broad built.
Bum-clock, a humming beetle, that flies in the summer evenings.

Bummin,

Bummin, humming as bees.
Bummle, to blunder.
Bummler, a blunderer.
Bunker, a window seat.
Burdies, dimin. of birds.
Bure, did bear.
Burn, water, a rivulet.
Burnewin, i. e. *burn the wind*, a blacksmith.
Burnie, dimin. of burn.
Buskit, dressed.
Busle, a bustle, to bustle.
But, bot, without.
But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour.
By himself, lunatic, distracted.
Byke, a bee-hive.
Byre, a cow-stable, a shippen.

C.

Ca', to call, to name, to drive.
Ca't, or *ca'd*, called, driven, calved.
Cadger, a carrier.
Cadie, or *caddie*, a person, a young fellow.
Caff, chaff.
Caird, a tinker.
Cairn, a loose heap of stones.
Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves.
Callan, a boy.
Caller, fresh, sound.
Canie, gentle, mild, dexterous.
Cannilie, dexterously, gently.
Cantie, or *canty*, cheerful, merry.
Cantrip, a charm, a spell.
Cap-stane, cope-stone, key-stone.
Carcerin, cheerfully.
Carl, an old man.
Carlin, a stout old woman.
Cartes, cards.
Caudron, a caldron.
Cauk and *keel*, chalk and red clay.
Cauld, cold.
Caup, a wooden drinking vessel.
Chanter, a part of a bagpipe.
Chap, a person, a fellow, a blow.
Chaup, a stroke, a blow.
Cheekit, cheeked.
Cheep, a chirp, to chirp.
Chiel, or *cheel*, a young fellow.
Chimla, or *chimlie*, a fire-grate, fire-place.
Chimla-lug, the fire-side.
Chittering, shivering, trembling.
Chockin, choking.
Chow, to chew; *cheek for chow*, side by side.
Chuffie, fat faced.
Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet.
Claise, or *claes*, clothes.
Claith, cloth.
Claithing, clothing.
Claivers, nonsense, not speaking sense.
Clap, clapper of a mill.
Clarkit, wrote.
Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day.
Clatter, to tell little idle stories, an idle story.
Claught, snatched at, laid hold of.
Claut, to clean, to scrape.
Clauted, scraped.
Claw, to scratch.
Cleed, to clothe.
Cleekit, having caught.
Clinkin, jerking, clinking.

Clinkumbell,

Clinkumbell, who rings the church bell.

Clips, shears.

Clishmaclaver, idle conversation.

Clock, to hatch, a beetle.

Clockin, hatching.

Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.

Clootie, an old name for the devil.

Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow.

Coaxin, wheedling.

Coble, a fishing boat.

Coft, bought.

Cog, a wooden dish.

Coggie, dimin. of cog.

COILA, from *Kyle*, a district of Ayrshire, so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch.

Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular name for country curs.

Commaun, command.

Cood, the cud.

Coof, a blockhead, a ninny.

Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits.

Coost, did cast.

Coot, the ancle or foot; a species of water-fowl.

Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish: *also those fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are said to be* cootie.

Corbies, a species of the crow.

Core, corps, party, clan.

Corn't, fed with oats.

Cotter, the inhabitant of a *cot-house*, or cottage.

Couthie, kind, loving.

Cove, a cave.

Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright, a branch of furze, broom, &c.

Cowp, to barter, to tumble over, a gang.

Cowpit, tumbled.

Cowrin, cowering.

Cowte, a colt.

Cozie, snug.

Cozily, snugly.

Crabbit, crabbed, fretful.

Crack, conversation, to converse.

Crackin, conversing.

Croft, or *croft*, a field near a house, *in old husbandry*.

Craiks, cries or calls incessantly, a bird, the corn-tail.

Crambo-clink, or *crambo jingle*, rhymes, doggrel verses.

Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel.

Crankous, fretful, captious.

Crawreuch, the hoar frost.

Crap, a crop, to crop.

Craw, a crow of a cock, a rook.

Creel, a basket; *to have one's wits in a creel*, to be craz'd, to be fascinated.

Creeshie, greasy.

Crood, or *croud*, to coo as a dove.

Croon, a hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull; to hum a tune.

Crooning, humming.

Crouchie, crook-backed.

Crouse, cheerful, courageous.

Crously, cheerfully, courageously.

Crowdie, a composition of oatmeal and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, &c.

Crowdie-time,

Crowdie-time, breakfast time.
Crowlin, crawling.
Crummock, a cow with crooked horns.
Crump, hard and brittle, *spoken of bread*.
Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny.
Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head.
Curchie, a courtesy.
Curler, a player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called curling.
Curlie, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets.
Curling, a well-known game on ice.
Curmurring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.
Curpin, the crupper.
Cushat, the dove, or wood-pigeon.
Cutty, short, a spoon broken in the middle.

D.

DADDIE, a father.
Daffin, merriment, foolishness.
Daft, merry, giddy, foolish.
Daimen, rare, now and then, *daimen-icker*, an ear of corn now and then.
Dainty, pleasant, good-humoured, agreeable.
Dales, plains, valleys.
Darklins, darkling.
Daud, to thrash, to abuse.
Daur, to dare.
Daurt, dared.
Dawry, or *dawrk*, a day's labour.
Dawd, a large piece.
Dawtit, or *dawtet*, fondled, caressed.
Dearies, dimin. of dears.
Dearthfu', dear.
Deave, to deafen.
Deil-ma-care! no matter! for all that!
Delcerit, delirious.
Descrive, to describe.
Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff.
Dight, cleaned from chaff,
Dinna, do not.
Ding, to worst, to push.
Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain.
Dizzen, or *diz'n*, a dozen.
Doited, stupified, hebetated.
Dolt, stupified, crazed.
Donsie, unlucky.
Dool, sorrow; *to sing dool*, to lament, to mourn.
Dorty, saucy, nice.
Douce, or *douse*, sober, wise, prudent.
Doucely, soberly, prudently.
Dought, was or were able.
Doure, stout, durable, stubborn, sullen.
Dow, am or are able, can.
Douff, pithless, wanting force.
Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c. half asleep.
Downa, am or are not able, cannot.
Drap, a drop, to drop.
Drapping, dropping.
Dreep, to ooze, to drop.
Dreigh, tedious, long about it.
Dribble, drizzling, slaver.
Drift, a drove.

Droddum,

Breddum, the breech.
Droop-rumpl't, that droops at the crupper.
Drouth, thirst, drought.
Drucken, drunken.
Drumly, muddy.
Drummock, meal and water mixed, raw.
Drunt, pet, sour humour.
Dub, a small pond.
Duds, rags, clothes.
Duddie, ragged.
Dung, worsted, pushed, driven.
Dush, to push as a ram, &c.
Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox, &c.

E.

E'E, the eye.
Een, the eyes.
E'enen, evening.
Eerie, frighted, dreading spirits.
Eild, old age.
Elbuck, the elbow.
Eldritch, ghastly, frightful.
En', end.
ENBRUGH, EDINBURGH.
Eneugh, enough.
Especial, especially.
Ettle, to try, attempt.
Eydent, diligent.

F.

FA', fall, lot, to fall.
Faddom't, fathomed.
Fae, a foe.
Faem, foam.
Faiket, forgiven or excused.
Fairin, a fairing, a present.
Fallow, fellow.
Fand, did find.
Farl, a cake of bread.
Fash, trouble, care, to trouble, to care for.
Fasht, troubled.
Fasten-een, Fasten's Even.
Fauld, a fold, to fold.
Faulding, folding.
Faut, fault.
Fawsont, decent, seemly.
Feal, a field, smooth.
Fearfu', frightful.
Fear't, frighted.
Feat, neat, spruce.
Fecht, to fight.
Fechtin, fighting.
Feck, number, quantity.
Feckfu', large, brawny, stout.
Feckless, puny, weak, silly.
Feg, a fig.
Feide, feud, enmity.
Fell, keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin, a field pretty level, on the side or top of a hill.
Fend, to make a shift to live.
Ferlie, or *ferley*, to wonder; a wonder, a term of contempt.
Fetch, to pull by fits.
Fetch't, pulled intermittently.
Fidge, to fidget.
Fient, fiend, *a petty oath.*
Fier, sound, healthy; a brother, a friend.
Fisle, to make a rustling noise, to fidget, to bustle.
Fit, foot.
Fittie-lan, the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.
Fizz, to make a hissing noise, like fermentation.
Flainen, flannel.

Fleech,

Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner.
Fleechin, supplicating.
Fleesh, a fleece.
Fleg, a kick, a random blow.
Flether, to decoy by fair words.
Fletherin, flattering.
Fley, to scare, to frighten.
Flichter, to flutter, *as young nestlings, when their dam approaches.*
Flinders, shreds, broken pieces.
Flingin-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable, a flail.
Flisk, to fret at the yoke.
Fliskit, fretted.
Flittar, to vibrate like the wings of small birds.
Flittering, fluttering, vibrating.
Flunkie, a servant in livery.
Foord, a ford.
Forbears, forefathers.
Forbye, besides.
Forfairn, distressed, worn out, jaded.
Forfoughten, fatigued.
Forgather, to meet, to encounter with.
Forgie, to forgive.
Forjesket, jaded with fatigue.
Fou', full, drunk.
Foughten, troubled, harassed.
Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough.
Fow, a bushel, &c. also a pitchfork.
Frae, from.
Freath, froth.
Frien', friend.
Fu', full.
Fud, the scut, or tail of the hare, coney, &c.
Fuff, to blow intermittently.
Fuff't, did blow.
Funnie, full of merriment.
Fur, a furrow.
Furm, a form, a bench.
Fyke, trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fuss about trifles.
Fyle, to soil, to dirty.
Fyl't, soiled, dirtied.

G.

GAB, the mouth, to speak boldly, or pertly.
Gae, to go; *gaed*, went; *gaen*, or *gane*, gone; *gaun*, going.
Gaet, or *gate*, way, manner, road.
Gang, to go, to walk.
Gar, to make, to force to.
Gar't, forced to.
Garten, a garter.
Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative, to converse.
Gashin, conversing.
Gaucy, jolly, large.
Gear, riches, goods of any kind.
Geck, to toss the head in wantonness, or scorn.
Ged, a pike.
Gentles, great folks.
Geordie, a guinea.
Get, a child, a young one.
Ghaist, a ghost.
Gie, to give; *gied*, gave; *gien*, given.
Giftie, dimin. of gift.
Gillie, dimin. of gill.

Gilpey,

Gilpey, a half grown, half informed boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoyden.
Gimmer, an ewe from one to two years old.
Gin, if, against.
Gipsey, a young girl,
Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c.
Girning, grinning.
Gizz, a periwig.
Glaikit, inattentive, foolish.
Glaive, a sword.
Gawky, half-witted, foolish, romping.
Glaizie, glittering, smooth like a glass.
Gleg, sharp, ready.
Gley, a squint, to squint; *a-gley*, off at a side, wrong.
Glib-gabbet, that speaks smoothly and readily.
Glint, to peep.
Glinted, peeped.
Glintin, peeping.
Gloamin, the twilight.
Glowr, to stare, to look, a stare, a look.
Glowred, looked, stared.
Gowan, the flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawkweed, &c.
Gowd, gold.
Gouff, the game of golf; to strike *as the bat does the ball at golf*.
Gouff'd, struck.
Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of contempt.
Gowl, to howl.
Grane, or *grain*, a groan, to groan.
Grain'd, groaned.
Graining, groaning.
Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables.
Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress.
Grannie, grandmother.
Grape, to grope.
Grapit, groped.
Great, intimate, familiar.
Gree, to agree, *to bear the gree*, to be decidedly victor.
Gree't, agreed.
Greet, to shed tears, to weep.
Greetin, crying, weeping.
Grippet, catched, seized.
Groat, *to get the whistle of one's groat*, to play a losing game, to feel the consequences of one's folly.
Grousome, loathsomely, grim.
Grozet, a gooseberry.
Grumph, a grunt, to grunt.
Grumphie, a sow.
Grun', ground.
Grunstane, a grindstone.
Gruntle, the phiz, a grunting noise.
Grushie, thick, of thriving growth.
GUDE, the SUPREME BEING; good.
Guid, good.
Guid-mornin, good-morrow.
Guid-e'en, good evening.
Guidman and *guidwife*, the master and mistress of the house; *young guidman*, a man newly married.
Gully, or *gullie*, a large knife.
Guidfather, *guidmother*, fathes-in-law, and mother-in-law.
Gumlie, muddy.
Gusty, tasteful.

H.

HA', hall.
Ha' bible, the great bible that lies in the hall.
Hae, to have.
Haen, had, *the participle.*
Haet, fient haet, a petty oath of negation, nothing.
Haffet, the temple, the side of the head.
Hafflins, nearly half, partly.
Hag, a scar or gulf in mosses and moors.
Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep.
Hain, to spare, to save.
Hain'd, spared.
Hairst, harvest.
Haith, a petty oath.
Haivers, nonsense, speaking without thought.
Hal' or *hald*, an abiding place.
Hale, whole, tight, healthy.
Hame, home.
Hallan, a particular partition-wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside.
Hallowmas, Hallow-eve, the 31st of October.
Hamely, homely, affable.
Han', or *haun'*, hand.
Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover, to hap.
Happer, a hopper.
Happing, hopping.
Hap step an' loup, hop skip and leap.
Harkit, hearkened.
Harn, very coarse linen.
Hash, a fellow that neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety.
Hastit, hastened.
Haud, to hold.
Haughs, low-lying, rich lands, valleys.
Haurl, to drag, to peel.
Haurlin, peeling.
Haverel, a half-witted person, half-witted.
Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense.
Hawkie, a cow, *properly one with a white face.*
Heapit, heaped.
Healsome, healthful, wholesome.
Hearse, hoarse.
Hear't, hear it.
Heather, heath.
Hech! oh! strange.
Hecht, promised, to foretel something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold.
Heeze, to elevate, to raise.
Hellim, the rudder or helm.
Herd, to tend flocks, one who tends flocks.
Herrin, a herring.
Herry, to plunder, *most properly to plunder birds' nests.*
Herryment, plundering, devastation.
Hersel, herself, also a herd of cattle, of any sort.
Het, hot.
Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit.
Hilch, a hobble, to halt.
Hilchin, halting.
Himsel, himself.
Hing, to hang.
Hirple, to walk crazily, to creep.

Hissel,

Hissel, so many cattle as one person can attend.
Histie, dry, chapt, barren,
Hitcht, a loop, a knot.
Hizzie, hussy, a young girl.
Hoddin, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart-horse.
Hog-score, a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the *rink*.
Hog-shouther, a kind of horse-play, by justling with the shoulder; to justle.
Hool, outer skin or case, a nut-shell, pease swade.
Hoolie, slowly, leisurely.
Hoolie! take leisure, stop.
Hoord, a hoard, to hoard.
Hoordet, hoarded.
Horn, a spoon made of horn.
Hornie, one of the many names of the devil.
Host, or *hoast*, to cough.
Hostin, coughing.
Hotch'd, hitched, turned topsy-turvy, blended, mixed.
Houghmagandie, fornication.
Houlet, an owl.
Housie, dimin. of house.
Howe, to heave, to swell.
Hov'd, heaved, swelled.
Howdie, a midwife.
Howe, hollow, a hollow or dell.
Howebackit, sunk in the back, *spoken of a horse, &c.*
Howk, to dig.
Howkit, digged.
Howkin, digging.
Hoy, to urge.
Hoy't, urged.
Hoyse, to pull upwards.
Hoyte, to amble crazily.
Hughoe, dimin. of Hugh.
Hurcheon, a hedgehog.
Hurdies, the loins, the crupper.

I.

I', In.
Icker, an ear of corn.
Ier-oe, a great-grand-child.
Ilk, or *Ilka*, each, every.
Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly.
Ingine, genius, ingenuity.
Ingle, fire, fire-place.
Ise, I shall or will.
Ither, other, one another.

J.

JAD, Jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl.
Jauk, to dally, to trifle.
Jaukin, trifling, dallying.
Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water.
Jaw, coarse raillery, to pour out, to shut, to jerk as water.
Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl.
Jimp, to jump, slender in the waist, handsome.
Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner, a sudden turning, a corner.
Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag.
Jinkin, dodging.
Jirt, a jerk.
Jocteleg, a kind of knife.
Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head.

Jow, to jow, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell.
Jundie, to jostle.

K.

KAE, a daw.
Kail, colewort, a kind of broth.
Kail-runt, the stem of colewort.
Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Keek, a peep, to peep.
Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.
Ken, to know, *kend* or *ken't*, knew.
Kennin, a small matter.
Ket, matted, hairy, a fleece of wool.
Kiaugh, carking, anxiety.
Kilt, to truss up the clothes.
Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip.
Kin', kindred.
Kin', kind.
King's-hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.
Kintra, country.
Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn.
Kirsen, to christen, or baptize.
Kist, chest, a shop counter.
Kitchen, any thing that eats with bread, to serve for soup, gravy, &c.
Kittle, to tickle, ticklish.
Kittling, a young cat.
Kittle, to cuddle.
Kittlin, cuddling.
Knaggie, like *knags*, or points of rocks.
Knappin, hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.
Knowe, a small round hillock.
Kye, cows.
KYLE, a district in Ayrshire.
Kyte, the belly.
Kythe, to discover, to shew one's self.

L.

LADDIE, dimin. of lad.
Lagger, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish.
Laigh, low.
Laiving, wading, and sinking in snow, mud, &c.
Laith, loath.
Laithfu', bashful, sheepish.
Lallans, Scottish dialect.
Lambie, dimin. of lamb.
Limpit, a kind of shell-fish.
Lan', land, estate.
Lane, lone, *my lane*, *thy lane*, &c. myself alone.
Lanely, lonely.
Lang, long; *to think lang*, to long, to weary.
Lap, did leap.
Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others.
Laverock, the lark.
Lawlan, lowland.
Lea'e, to leave.
Leal, loyal, true, faithful.
Lear, *pronoun*, lare, learning.

Lee-lang,

Lee-lang, live-long.
Leeze me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment; I am happy in thee, or proud of thee.
Leister, a three-pronged dart for striking fish.
Leugh, did laugh.
Leuk, a look, to look.
Lift, sky.
Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer at.
Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to sing.
Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet.
Limp't, limped, hobbled.
Link, to trip along.
Linkin, tripping.
Linn, a waterfall.
Lint, flax; *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower.
Lintwhite, a linnet.
Loan, the place of milking.
Loof, the palm of the hand.
Loot, did let.
Looves, the plural of love.
Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue.
Lowe, a flame.
Lowin, flaming.
Lowrie, *abbreviation of* Lawrence.
Lowse, to loose.
Lows'd, loosed.
Lug, the ear, a handle.
Lugget, having a handle.
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke.
Luntin, smoking.
Lyart, of a mixed colour, grey.

M.

Mae, more.
Mair, more.
Maist, most, almost.
Maistly, mostly.
Mak, to make.
Makin, making.
Mallie, Molly.
Mang, among.
Manse, the parsonage house, where the minister lives.
Manteele, a mantle.
Mark, marks. *This and several other nouns which in English require an* s, *to form the plural, are in Scotch, like the words* sheep, deer, *the same in both numbers.*
Mar's year, the year 1715.
Mashlum, *meslin*, mixed corn.
Mask, to mash, *as malt, &c.*
Maskin-pat, a tea-pot.
Maukin, a hare.
Maun, must.
Mavis, the thrush.
Maw, to mow.
Mawin, mowing.
Meere, a mare.
Melancholious, mournful.
Melder, corn or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground.
Mell, to meddle. Also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough.
Melvie, to soil with meal.
Men', to mend.
Mense, good manners, decorum.
Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
Merle, the blackbird.

Messin, a small dog.
Midden, a dunghill.
Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.
Mim, prim, affectedly meek.
Min', mind, remembrance.
Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending.
Minnie, mother, dam.
Misca', to abuse, to call names.
Misca'd, abused.
Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly.
Mistauk, mistook.
Mither, mother.
Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed.
Moistify, to moisten.
Mony, or *monie*, many.
Moop, to nibble as a sheep.
Moorlan, of or belonging to moors.
Morn, the next day, to-morrow.
Mou, the mouth.
Moudiwort, a mole.
Mousie, dimin. of mouse.
Muckle, or *mickle*, great, big, much.
Mustie, dimin. of *muse*.
Muslin-kail, broth composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens.
Mutchkin, an English pint.
Mysel, myself.

N.

NA', no, not, nor.
Nae, no, not any.
Naething, or *naithing*, nothing.
Naig, a horse.
Nane, none.
Nappy, ale, to be tipsy.
Negleckit, neglected.
Neebor, a neighbour.
Neuk, nook.
Niest, next.
Nieve, the fist.
Neevefu', handful.
Niffer, an exchange, to exchange; to barter.
Niger, a negro.
Nine-tailed-cat, a hangman's whip.
Nit, a nut.
Norland, of or belonging to the north.
Notic't, noticed.
Nowte, black cattle.

O.

O', Of.
Ony, or *onie*, any.
Or, is often used for *ere*, before.
O't, of it.
Ourie, shivering, drooping.
Oursel, or *ourscls*, ourselves.
Outlers, cattle not housed.
Ower, over, too.
Owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm.

P.

PACK, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.
Painch, paunch.
Paitrick, a partridge.
Pang, to cram.
Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.

Pat

Pat, did put, a pot.
Pattle, or *pettle*, a plough-staff.
Paughty, proud, haughty.
Pauky, cunning, sly.
Payt, paid, beat.
Pech, to fetch the breath short, *as in an asthma.*
Pechan, the crop, the stomach.
Peelin, peeling.
Pet, a domesticated sheep, &c.
Pettle, to cherish, a plough-staff.
Phraise, fair speeches, flattery, to flatter.
Phraisin, flattery.
Pickle, a small quantity.
Pine, pain, uneasiness.
Pit, to put.
Placad, a public proclamation, to publish publicly.
Plack, an old Scotch coin, the 3rd part of an English penny,
Plackless, pennyless, without money.
Platie, dimin. of plate.
Plew, or *plewgh*, a plough.
Pliskie, a trick.
Poind, to seize on cattle, or take the goods, as the laws of Scotland allow, for rent, &c.
Poortith, poverty.
Pou, to pull.
Pouk, to pluck.
Poussie, a hare, or cat.
Pout, a poult, a chick.
Pou't, did pull.
Pouthery, like powder.
Pow, the head, the skull.
Pownie, a little horse.
Powther, or *pouther*, powder.
Preen, a pin.
Prent, printing.
Prie, to taste.
Prie'd, tasted.
Prief, proof.
Prig, to cheapen, to dispute.
Priggin, cheapening.
Primsie, demure, precise.
Propone, to lay down, to propose.
Provoses, provosts.
Pund, pound, pounds.
Pyle, *a pyle o' caff*, a single grain of chaff.

Q.

QUAT, quit.
Quak, to quake.
Quey, a cow from one to two years old.

R.

RAGWEED, herb ragwort.
Raible, to rattle nonsense.
Rair, to roar.
Raize, to madden, to inflame.
Ram-feezl'd, fatigued, overspread.
Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward.
Raploch, *properly* a coarse cloth, *but used as an adnoun* for coarse.
Rarely, excellently, very well.
Rash, a rush, *rash-buss*, a bush of rushes.
Ratton, a rat.
Raucle, rash, stout, fearless.
Raught, reached.
Raw, a row.
Rax, to stretch.

Ream, cream, to cream.
Reamin, brimful, frothing.
Reave, rove.
Reck, to heed.
Rede, counsel, to counsel.
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.
Red-wud, stark mad.
Ree, half drunk, fuddled.
Reek, smoke.
Reekin, smoking.
Reekit, smoked, smoky.
Remead, remedy.
Requite, requited.
Rest, to stand restive.
Restit, stood restive, stunted, withered.
Restricked, restricted.
Rief, *Reef*, plenty.
Rig, a ridge.
Rin, to run, to melt; *rinnin*, running.
Rink, the course of the stones, *a term in* curling on ice.
Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn.
Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots.
Rockin, see App. p. 385.
Rood, stands likewise for the plural, *roods*.
Reon, a shred.
Roose, to praise, to commend.
Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood.
Roupet, hoarse, *as with a cold*.
Row, to roll, to wrap.
Row't, rolled, wrapped.
Rowte, to low, to bellow.
Rowth, plenty.
Rowtin, lowing.
Rozet, rosin.
Rung, a cudgel.
Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Ruth, a woman's name; the book so called; sorrow.

S.

SAE, so.
Saft, soft.
Sair, to serve, a sore.
Sairly, or *sairlie*, sorely.
Sair't, served.
Sark, a shirt.
Sarkit, provided in shirts.
Saugh, the willow.
Saul, soul.
Saumont, salmon.
Saunt, a saint.
Saut, salt.
Saw, to sow.
Sawin, sowing.
Sax, six.
Scar, to scar, a scare.
Scaud, to scald.
Scauld, to scold.
Scaur, apt to be scared.
Scawl, a scold.
Scon, a kind of bread.
Sconner, a loathing, to loath.
Scraich, to scream, *as a hen, partridge, &c.*
Screed, to tear, a rent.
Scrieve, to glide swiftly along.
Scrievin, gleesomely, swiftly.
Scrimp, to scant.
Scrimpet, did scant, scanty.
See'd, did see.
Seizen, seizing.
Sel, self; *a body's sel*, one's self alone.

Sell't,

Sell't, did sell.
Sen', to send.
Sen't, I, he, or she sent, or did send, send it.
Servan', servant.
Settlin, settling; *to get a settlin*, to be frighted into quietness.
Sets, *sets off*, goes away.
Shaird, a shred, a shard.
Shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into, by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.
Shaver, a humorous wag, a barber.
Shaw, to shew, a small wood in a hollow place.
Sheen, bright, shining.
Sheep-shank, *to think one's self nae sheep-shank*, to be conceited.
Sherra-muir, Sheriff-Moor, *the famous battle fought in the rebellion*, A. D. 1715.
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice.
Shill, shrill.
Shog, a shock, a push off at one side.
Shool, a shovel.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to offer, to threaten.
Shor'd, offered.
Shouther, the shoulder.
Sic, such.
Sicker, sure, steady.
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.
Siller, silver, money.
Simmer, summer.
Sin, a son.
Sin', since.
Skaith, to damage, to injure, injury.
Skellum, a worthless fellow.
Skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step, a smart stroke.
Skelpi-limmer, a technical term in female scolding.
Skelpin, *stappin*, walking.
Skiegh, proud, nice, high-mettled.
Skirling, shrieking, crying.
Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly.
Skirl't, shrieked.
Sklent, slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth.
Sklented, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction.
Skreigh, a scream, to scream.
Slae, sloe.
Slade, did slide.
Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence.
Slaw, slow.
Slee, sly; *sleest*, slyest.
Sleekit, sleek, sly.
Sliddery, slippery.
Slype, to fall over, *as a wet furrow from the plough*.
Slypet, fell.
Sma', small.
Smeddum, dust, powder, mettle, sense.
Smiddy, a smithy.
Smoor, to smother.
Smoor'd, smothered.
Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly.
Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals.
Snash, abuse, Billingsgate.
Snaw, snow, to snow.
Snaw-broo, melted snow.
Snawie, snowy.
Sned, to lop, to cut off.
Sneeshin, snuff.
Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box.
Snell, bitter, biting.
Snick-drawing, trick-contriving.

Snick

Smick, the latchet of a door.

Smool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery: to submit tamely; to sneak.

Smoor, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak.

Smurk, to scent or snuff, *as a dog, horse, &c.*

Smurkit, scented, snuffed.

Smusic, having sweet engaging looks; lucky, jolly.

Soom, to swim.

Sooth, truth, a petty oath.

Sowens, a dish made of oatmeal, the seeds of oatmeal soured, &c. boiled up till they make an agreeable pudding.

Souple, flexible, swift.

Souter, a shoemaker.

Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid.

Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle.

Souther, solder, to solder, to cement.

Spae, to prophesy, to divine.

Spaul, a limb.

Spairge, to dash, to soil, *as with mire.*

Spavit, having the spavin.

Spate, a sweeping torrent, after rain or thaw.

Speel, to climb.

Spence, the country parlour.

Spier, to ask, to inquire.

Spier't, inquired.

Splatter, a splutter, to splutter.

Spleughan, a tobacco-pouch.

Splore, a frolic, a noise, riot.

Sprattle, to scramble.

Spreckled, spotted, speckled.

Spring, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel.

Sprit, a tough-rooted plant something like rushes.

Spritty, full of sprits.

Spunk, fire, mettle, wit.

Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; *will-o-wisp*, or *ignis-fatuus*.

Spurtle, a stick used in making oatmeal pudding or porridge, a notable Scotch dish.

Squad, a crew, a party.

Squatter, to flutter in water, *as a wild duck, &c.*

Squattle, to sprawl.

Squeel, a scream, a screech, to scream.

Stacher, to stagger.

Stack, a rick of corn, hay, &c.

Staggie, diminutive of *stag*.

Stan', to stand; *stan't*, did stand.

Stane, a stone.

Stank, did stink; a pool of standing water.

Stap, stop.

Stark, stout.

Startle, to run as *cattle, stung by the gadfly.*

Staumrel, a blockhead, half-witted.

Staw, did steal, to surfeit.

Stech, to cram the belly.

Stechin, cramming.

Steek, to shut, a stitch.

Steer, to molest, to stir.

Steeve, firm, compacted.

Stell, a still.

Sten, to rear as a horse.

Sten't, reared.

Stents, tribute, dues of any kind.

Stey, steep; *steyest*, steepest.

Stibble, stubble; *stibble-rig*, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.

Stick an' stow, totally, altogether.

Stilt,

Stilt, a crutch; to limp; to halt.
Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old.
Stock, a plant of colewort, cabbage, &c.
Stockin', stocking; *throwing the stockin*, when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will be married.
Stooked, made up in shocks, as corn.
Stoor, sounding hollow, strong and hoarse.
Stot, an ox.
Stoup, or *stowp*, a kind of jug or dish with a handle.
Stoure, dust, *more particularly* dust in motion.
Stownlins, by stealth.
Stown, stolen.
Strack, did strike.
Strae, straw; *to die a fair strae death*, to die in bed.
Straik, to stroke.
Straikit, stroked.
Strappan, tall and handsome.
Straught, straight.
Streek, stretched, to stretch.
Striddle, to straddle.
Stroan, to spout, to piss.
Studdie, an anvil.
Stumpie, diminutive of *stump*.
Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily.
Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.
Sturt, trouble; to molest.
Sturtin, frighted.
Sucker, sugar.
Sud, should.
Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water.
Suthron, southern, an old name for the English nation.
Swaird, sward.
Swall'd, swelled.
Swank, stately, jolly.
Swankie, or *swunker*, a tight strapping young fellow or girl.
Swap, an exchange, to barter.
Swat, did sweat.
Swatch, a sample.
Swats, drink, good ale.
Sweaten, sweating.
Sweer, lazy, averse, *dead-sweer*, extremely averse.
Swoor, swore, did swear.
Swinge, to beat, to whip.
Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots.
Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast, or pool, a knot in wood.
Swith, get away.
Swither, to hesitate in choice, an irresolute wavering in choice.
Syne, since, ago, then.

T.

TACKETS, a kind of nails for driving into the heels of shoes.
Tae, a toe; *three-tae'd*, having three prongs.
Tak, to take; *takin*, taking.
Tangle, a sea-weed.
Tap, the top.
Tapetless, heedless, foolish.
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.
Tarrow't, murmured.

Tarry-breeks,

Tarry-breeks, a sailor.
Tauld, or *tald*, told.
Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young person.
Tauted, or *tautie*, matted together, *spoken of hair or wool.*
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled, *spoken of a horse, cow, &c.*
Teat, a small quantity.
Ten-hours-bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke in the forenoon.
Tent, a field pulpit, heed, caution; to take heed.
Tentie, heedful, cautious.
Tentless, heedless.
Teugh, tough.
Thack, thatch; *thack an' rape*, clothing, necessaries, alluding to the covering of a corn-rick.
Thae, these.
Thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings,
Thankit, thanked.
Thegither, together.
Themsel, themselves.
Thick, intimate, familiar.
Thieveless, cold, dry, spited, *spoken of a person's demeanour.*
Thir, these.
Thirl, to thrill.
Thirled, thrilled, vibrated.
Thole, to suffer, to endure.
Thowe, a thaw, to thaw.
Thowless, slack, lazy.
Thrang, throng, a crowd.
Thrapple, throat, wind-pipe.
Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict.
Thrawin, twisting, &c.
Thrawn, sprained, twisted, contradicted, contradiction.
Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion.
Threshin, thrashing.
Threteen, thirteen.
Thristle, thistle.
Through, to go on with, to make out.
Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly.
Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise.
Thumpit, thumped.
Thysel, thyself.
Till't, to it.
Timmer, timber.
Tine, to lose; *tint*, lost.
Tinkler, a tinker.
Tip, a ram.
Tippence, two-pence.
Tirl, to make a slight noise, to uncover.
Tirlin, uncovering.
Tither, the other.
Tittle, to whisper.
Tittlin, whispering.
Tocher, marriage portion.
Tod, a fox.
Toddle, to totter, like the walk of a child.
Toddlin, tottering.
Toom, empty.
Toop, a ram.
Toun, a hamlet, a farm-house.
Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet, to blow a horn, &c.
Tow, a rope.
Towmond, a twelvemonth.
Towzie, rough, shaggy.
Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.
Toyle, to totter like old age.
Transmugrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed.
Trashtrie, trash.

Trickie,

Trickie, full of tricks.
Trig spruce, neat.
Trimly, excellently.
Trow, to believe.
Trowth, truth, a petty oath.
Try't, tried.
Tug, raw hide, of which in old times plough-traces were frequently made.
Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight.
Twa, two.
Twa-three, a few.
'Twad, it would.
Twal, twelve; *twal-pennyworth*, a small quantity, a pennyworth.
N. B. *One penny English is 12d. Scotch.*
Twin, to part.
Tyke, a dog.

U.

UNCO, strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious.
Uncos, news.
Unkenn'd, unknown.
Unskaith'd, undamaged, unhurt.
Upo', upon.

V.

VAP'RIN', vapouring.
Vera, very.
Virl, a ring round a column, &c.

W.

WA', wall; *wa's*, walls.
Wabster, a weaver.
Wad, would, to bet, a bet, a pledge.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, woe, sorrowful.
Waesucks! or *waes me!* alas! O the pity
Waft, the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web.
Waifu', wailing.
Wair, to lay out, to expend.
Wale, choice, to choose.
Wal'd, chose, chosen.
Walie, ample, large, jolly; *also an interjection of distress.*
Wame, the belly.
Wamefou', a belly-full.
Wanchansie, unlucky.
Wanerestfu', restless.
Wark, work.
Wark-lume, a tool to work with.
Warle, or *warld*, world.
Warlock, a wizard.
Warly, worldly, eager on amassing wealth.
Warran, a warrant, to warrant.
Warst, worst.
Warstl'd, or *warsl'd*, wrestled.
Wastrie, prodigality.
Wat, wet; *I wat*, *I wot*, I know.
Water-brose, brose made of meal and water simply, without the addition of milk, butter, &c.
Wattie, a twig, a wand.
Wauble, to swing, to reel.
Waukit, thickened, *as fullers do cloth.*
Waukrife, not apt to sleep.
Waur, worse, to worst.
Waur't, worsted.
Wean, or *weanie*, a child.
Wearie, or *weary; many a wearie body*, many a different person.
Weason,

Weason, weasand.
Weaving the Stookin', *see Throwing the Stocking*, page 423.
Wee, little; *wee things*, little ones; *wee bit*, a small matter.
Weel, well; *weelfare*, welfare.
Weet, rain, wetness.
We'se, we shall.
Wha, who.
Whaizle, to wheeze.
Whalpit, whelped.
Whang, a leathern string, a piece of cheese, bread, &c.; to give the strappado.
Whare, where; *whare'er*, wherever.
Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk; *penny-wheep*, small-beer.
Whase, whose.
Whatreck, nevertheless.
Whid, the motion of a hare, running but not frighted; a lie.
Whidden, running as a hare or coney.
Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets.
Whingin, crying, complaining, fretting.
Whirligigums, useless ornaments, trifling appendages.
Whissle, a whistle, to whistle.
Whisht, silence; *to hold one's whisht*, to be silent.
Whisk, to sweep, to lash.
Whiskit, lashed.
Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor.
Whun-stane, a whinstone.
Whyles, whiles, sometimes.
Wi', with.
Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, *a term in curling*.
Wiel, a small whirlpool.
Wifie, a dimin. *or endearing term for* wife.
Wimple, to meander.
Wimpl't, meandered.
Wimplin, waving, meandering.
Win, to wind, to winnow.
Win't, winded, *as a bottom of yarn*.
Win', wind; *win's*, winds.
Winna, will not.
Winnock, a window.
Winsome, hearty, vaunted, gay.
Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel.
Winze, an oath.
Wiss, to wish.
Withoutten, without.
Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk.
Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation.
Woo', wool.
Woo, to court, to make love to.
Woodie, a rope, *more properly one made of withs or willows*.
Wooer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops.
Wordy, worthy.
Worset, worsted.
Wrack, to teaze, to vex.
Wud-mad, distracted.
Wumble, a wimble.
Wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death.
Wrang, wrong, to wrong.
Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow.
Wyliecoat, a flannel vest.
Wyte, blame, to blame.

YE,

Y.

YE, this pronoun is frequently used for thou.
Yearns, longs much.
Yearlings, born in the same year, coevals.
Year, is used both for singular and plural years.
Yell, barren, that gives no milk.
Yerk, to lash, to jerk.
Yerkit, jerked, lashed.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Yill, ale.
Yird, earth.
Yokin, yokin, a bout.
Yont, beyond.
Yourael, yourself.
Yowe, an ewe.
Yowie, dimin. of *yowe*.
Yule, Christmas.

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